

The watchful professionals shadowing the party leaders



Armed Special Branch officers accompanying Mrs Thatcher, Mr Steel and Mr Foot as they set off to campaign yesterday. The police fear that they may be targets of IRA gunmen.

Monday

The general election: Unemployment and the Bomb are the two issues dominating the election. Next week in *The Times* there will be incisive analysis of both questions - plus the most comprehensive news, the best informed comment and the most provocative opinion on the election that could change the face of British politics.

Crown ceremonial: Why was an angry bishop brought to Westminster Abbey in a police car? Brian Barker explains in his first-hand account of preparations for the Coronation exactly 30 years ago.

A touch of flu: How ferrets put researchers on the trail of the wily influenza virus, not only a nuisance but also a potential killer.

Rock 'n' role reversal: *The Times* Profile looks at David Bowie, on the eve of his British concert tour.

Courtesy and carriages for summit

Colonial courtesy, liveried footmen and horse-drawn carriages will greet heads of state when they arrive at Williamsburg, Virginia, today for the Western summit.

Soon after she arrives, Mrs Thatcher will hold a 40-minute bilateral meeting with her host, President Reagan, to replace talks cancelled because of the general election. Page 6

Arctic discovery

Divers have discovered under the polar icecap the wreck of the Breadalbane, a three-masted sailing ship which sank in 1853 while searching for traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition to discover the North West Passage. Page 6

Express flies in

The post-Laker era of cheap transatlantic travel was inaugurated successfully with the arrival at Gatwick of the first People Express jet with just over a hundred passengers from New York. Page 3

Ford loses

Mr Paul Kelly, the Ford Halewood worker whose dismissal for alleged vandalism led to a month-long dispute, should be reemployed, an Aca panel has ruled. Page 2

Britons killed

Two Britons were among six people killed when an Ostend-Vienna express train hit a mudslide caused by days of heavy rain near Cologne. Page 5

Farm pay rise

Farm workers were awarded a 5 per cent pay rise from September in addition to the 7.1 per cent gained in the annual pay round in January. Page 2

£200m deal

Associated British Foods has sold its South African interests for almost £200m in the largest such deal in the nation's history. Page 11

Saturday

Summer time begins today in *Saturday* with a selection of holiday reading, a new travel series on weekend breaks, advice on lawn maintenance and house painting, a choice of summer cocktails and an extensive guide to Bank Holiday activities. Also included in the arts and leisure section published each week with *The Times* is a prize jumbo crossword with an alternative set of concise clues.

Leader page 9

Letters: On unemployment, from Lord Harris of Greenwich; Williamsburg, from Mr S Shenton; election issues, from Mr C Rowlett, and others. Leading articles: Leverhulme report; Nicaragua; the Kurds. Features, page 8

The mystery of Sutton Place; Bernard Levin; Harold Wilson and Lord Rothermere; Jock Bruce-Gardyne's election column; The tale of Hector the raven. Page 10

Obituary, page 10

Dr Portia Holman.

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Politicians guarded as IRA murder squad is hunted

By John Witherow

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An active IRA unit of between four and six men is thought to be planning the assassination of a leading British politician or a bombing campaign before the general election.

Senior police officers have named two possible members of the gang as Sean O'Callaghan and John Downey, who is wanted in connection with bombings in London parks last year in which 11 soldiers were killed and 50 people injured.

Commander William Huckleby, head of Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist branch, said yesterday: "We know there are others and I think I know who they are." Because of fears that the IRA unit may strike the police are providing full-time armed Special Branch guards for the leaders of the four main political parties and putting their homes under protection by uniformed officers.

Police have recently visited the homes of known Irish republican sympathisers as part of their search for what they believe are several "safe houses" in London or the Home Counties where explosives and weapons are being hidden.

Senior officers have been aware for some time that the IRA may have selected the run-up to the election to stage a spectacular assassination or bombing campaign on the mainland that will have maximum impact. Bombings and shootings have been on the

increase in Northern Ireland in the past two weeks and police are bearing in mind that Mr Airey Neave, the Conservative spokesman on Ulster, was murdered five weeks before the last general election.

But news that O'Callaghan and Downey might be in this country has sharpened fears and officers said they were taking "very seriously" the threat of a new outrage.

The extra protection also



Sean O'Callaghan: H-block hunger striker

came soon after John McComb was sentenced in London on Thursday to 17 years in prison for his part in the bombing campaigns in Britain in 1978 and 1979. Although Commander Huckleby said the two events were not directly linked, it was believed that Mr Justice French, who sentenced him, now also has a special police guard.

"I am 100 per cent sure of what I am saying," Commander Huckleby added. "There is, or there may be, a unit of terrorists who are determined to kill - whether by bombings or shootings - innocent members of the public."

On Thursday Scotland Yard named for the first time one of the suspected Hyde Park bombers as John Downey, aged 30, who spent a year in prison in 1973 for membership of the IRA and is believed to have links with Gerard Tuite, serving 10 years in the Irish Republic on charges connected with the 1978-79 mainland bombing campaign.

Police hope that a photo of the bearded Downey, who is now believed to be clean-shaven, may jog someone's memory and lead them to a house where he was staying before last July's bombings. He was believed to have gone abroad after the attacks and returned to the Irish Republic by a circuitous route before reentering Britain.

Continued on page 4, col 4

Alliance calls strategy summit

By Staff Reporters

With public opinion polls showing support for the Labour on the decline, leaders of the Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance will meet at Mr David Steel's home in Scotland tomorrow to decide on a new strategy dealing to establish the Alliance as the only alternative to a Thatcher government.

The meeting, according to Mr Steel in Aberdeen yesterday, was "quite simply to reassess strategy in view of the collapse of the Labour Party".

Mr Roy Jenkins, the Alliance leader, said in Glasgow, Hillhead: "I have never seen the like of it in the 11 general elections I have fought. The Labour Party is dying before our eyes."

"It is disintegrating as a major challenger during the campaign itself. Its leaders are at odds. The manifesto is in shreds. Mr Foot has manifestly lost control."

"This election is now a contest between Conservatives and the Alliance. There can be no hope of Labour winning."

At the Alliance's press conference earlier yesterday Mr Steel had maintained, despite opinion polls showing support for the Alliance steady at 18 per cent, that tactical voting could change the position drastically by polling day.

People would realise that Labour "are not only incapable of forming a government, but are also incapable of forming an effective Opposition".

Mr Steel said that, after the disintegration of its campaign through disagreements on fundamentals in its manifesto, Labour seemed to be "out of the running". It was going downhill rapidly because of the "open warfare" which had broken out in its leadership.

Tomorrow the Alliance leaders will helicopter into Etrick Bridge in the Borders to discuss detailed tactics. They have decided on the main strategy, to concentrate the attack on the Conservatives. They will go for the Tories on their record and the "lack of hope" in the present manifesto.

Dr David Owen, the former Labour Foreign Secretary, said at the press conference that Labour was "clearly busted" and although they would continue to highlight Labour's shortcomings, "it is now necessary to focus our attention on Thatcherism."

Mr Steel said that despite the lack of movement in the opinion poll figures on Alliance support, he and other campaigners had detected a groundswell of new backing in the constituencies. He expected that to show in the polls over the weekend.

The turnout at meetings and open-air events had been much larger than the Liberals had expected.

Continued on page 4, col 2

Record damages of £4m against video film pirates

By Frances Gibb, Legal Affairs Correspondent

Two men involved in mass production and sale of pirate and counterfeit video cassettes of popular films were ordered to pay record damages of £4m, with interest, in the High Court yesterday.

The damages, the highest ever awarded in the film piracy business, were ordered against Mr John Barnham of Tolworth, Kingston upon Thames, and Mr Neil Rivers, of West Drayton, Hillingdon, London.

They were ordered to pay a total of more than £4,360,000 to the film company wronged by their piracy of films such as *E.T.*, *Life of Brian*, *Alien*, *The Elephant Man* and *The Empire Strikes Back*.

The sum, based on the film companies' loss as a result of nearly 60,000 blank cassettes known to have been supplied to the organization, the men worked with, could be followed by a further large award.

Mr Justice Warner ordered an inquiry into any further damage the film companies might have suffered as a result of other infringements of their copyright. "This award was a result of just one supply", a lawyer said.

But the film companies, all top American film makers, are unlikely to obtain their money. Neither of the two men is in a position to pay. The judge remarked to the companies' counsel: "I suppose you will now bankrupt them both."

The court action was brought by Universal City Studios, makers of *E.T.*, on their own behalf and for other members of the Motion Picture Association of America, and for members of

the British Videogram Association (BVA).

Mr Robert Abbott, chief executive of BVA, said: "The damages are astronomical; the highest I know about previously were those in an action last year of £750,000."

Mr Peter Duffy, of the Federation against Copyright Theft, which has now taken over most of the court actions pending against video pirates, said: "It is very pleasing to see what the courts think of film piracy."

The sum would deter pirates "in a big way", he said. "It will certainly assist us in our campaign."

Injunctions were granted against the two men in the High Court which effectively ban video piracy, or unlawful copying of films in breach of copyright, and counterfeiting, or packaging of pirated films to resemble the genuine product.

Neither man had filed a defence. But the action is continuing against two other men and a company, who have put in defences.

The operation, the court heard, was carried on from premises at York Parade, the Great West Road, Brentford, west London.

After "search and seize" orders last September it was discovered that the organization had been supplied with 60,000 blank cassettes which, counterfeited and sold would mean a loss of £4,137,980 to the film companies.

The British Videogram Association said yesterday that there would now be many more criminal prosecutions.

Heidemann held on suspicion of fraud

From Michael Binyon Bonn

Herr Gerd Heidemann, the *Stern* reporter who persuaded the weekly magazine to give him over DM9m (£2,340,000) to buy the forged Hitler diaries, has been arrested by Hamburg police on suspicion of fraud. This follows an admission by Herr Konrad Kujaw, the Stuttgart dealer in Nazi memorabilia who supplied him with the diaries, that he forged the 62 volumes himself.

Herr Heidemann, a *Stern* staff member for almost 30 years, was described by the magazine only a month ago as its "ace sleuth reporter", but was immediately sacked after the discovery of the forgeries. Herr Henri Nannen, *Stern's* founder and publisher, has taken legal action against him alleging fraud.

Two weeks ago police searched Herr Heidemann's flat and the rented rooms where he kept his large collection of Nazi documents and memorabilia, finding "extensive material".

Herr Kujaw, long known to historians of the Third Reich as a dealer in forgeries and dubious Nazi documents, fled abroad as soon as the forgeries were revealed, but gave himself up to police on the Austrian border two weeks ago.

He denied at the time that he had had anything to do with the forgeries. The prosecutor's office confirmed yesterday, however, that he had since admitted forging all the documents himself.

In its latest issue, *Stern* admits that it spent DM10,840,000 altogether on the diaries.

Trade falls £180m into red

By Frances Williams Economics Correspondent

Britain's balance of payments on current account plunged into the red last month and new figures confirmed that the country has become a net importer of manufactured goods for the first time since the industrial revolution 200 years ago.

The figures released yesterday by the Department of Trade are highly embarrassing to the Government in the run-up to the election. Opposition politicians lost no time in claiming that they proved Mrs Thatcher's economic policies had failed.

The balance of payments swung from a surplus of £365m in March to a £180m deficit last month. While exports sagged, imports surged to record levels, sucked in by Britain's tentative economic recovery.

Over the past three months exports have risen by 3.5 per cent in value and 3.5 per cent in volume and 1.5 per cent in value. But imports have jumped by much more - up by 8.5 per cent in value and 3.5 per cent in volume - as industry has begun to meet record consumer demand in the shops.

Lord Cockfield, the Trade Secretary, insisted yesterday that exports were doing well, but admitted that higher imports of finished manufactured goods were "less welcome".

He said: "This reflects industry's inability to meet rising demand in this country."

It presented a challenge to industry which must be met.

Mr Giles Radice, Labour trade spokesman, said the "appalling" trade figures disproved Mrs Thatcher's "facile optimism" on recovery.

But the City shrugged off the bad figures. Sterling closed in London stronger on the day against all leading currencies. Business News, page 11

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At home in the country of Agatha Christie

First published in 1911, *Small Country Houses of Today*, edited by Lawrence Weaver (Antique Collectors' Club, £17.50) takes you straight to the heart of Agatha Christie Land. Or that is the immediate impression. These surely are the very residences of her prosperous and not very imaginative middle class - the Colonel, the Bank Manager, the Retired Indian Civil Servant, the Doctor, the Imaginary Invalid, the Widow with a Past.

One house is singled out as having a "man's room" (not what Americans call a "men's room") for callers one wouldn't wish to admit to the rest of the house - just the place for seeing creditors, revenants and blackmailers. There is even a touch of Tony Perelli, Edgar Wallace's music-loving gangster in *On the Spot*, about the Birmingham villa specially designed to accommodate an amateur organist.

They are not, however, the kind of houses Poirot cared for. Comfortable? No doubt. But also unbearably fussy. It is just as if a number of these capable architects, otherwise perfectly respectable, had got together to see which could produce at once the most trivial and the most self-assertive design.

Not for them the unpretentious but satisfying simplicity of, say, an early eighteenth-century farmhouse (roughly the same size as many of these particular Edwardian concoctions), agreeable even when taken from a pattern book, as most of them probably were.

The Industrial Revolution had intervened. Now it was Arts and Crafts time. The revolt against the machine-made was at its height, and it was to be some time before there arrived the conception of the house as a machine for living.

Meanwhile there was a well-meant but sentimental preoccupation with detail, with the superiority of objects made by



Jan Stephens

hand (of course by people who had a gift for it), the exploitation in unsuitable circumstances of forms admired in ancient cottages, and the rather higgledy-piggledy combination of a number of unlikely elements to make "such a pretty house".

Emerging from Agatha Christie Land we come upon some real houses, and it is reassuring to find that Weaver, too, has his reservations. Medieval ideas are too remote from modern life to be a lasting inspiration, except in the proper use of materials: "We are moving in the direction of another eighteenth century". Sure enough, there are some excellently formal buildings, besides a spirited, idiosyncratic one by Lutyens.

It may be observed that not all architects of the time had such complacent clients or were so fortunate in their builders. I know a large house in Buckinghamshire built in 1901 for a new and virtuous baronet. He was particularly fond of a certain hill, and caused the whole plan to be swung to the south-east in order that he might feast on the view.

For each house recorded by Weaver he adds photographs of the outside from various aspects and of some of the rooms. He notices with approval the revival of the ancient "house-plant" - a central living room also used as a dining room which has again come into fashion. He pays attention to staircases and fireplaces. There

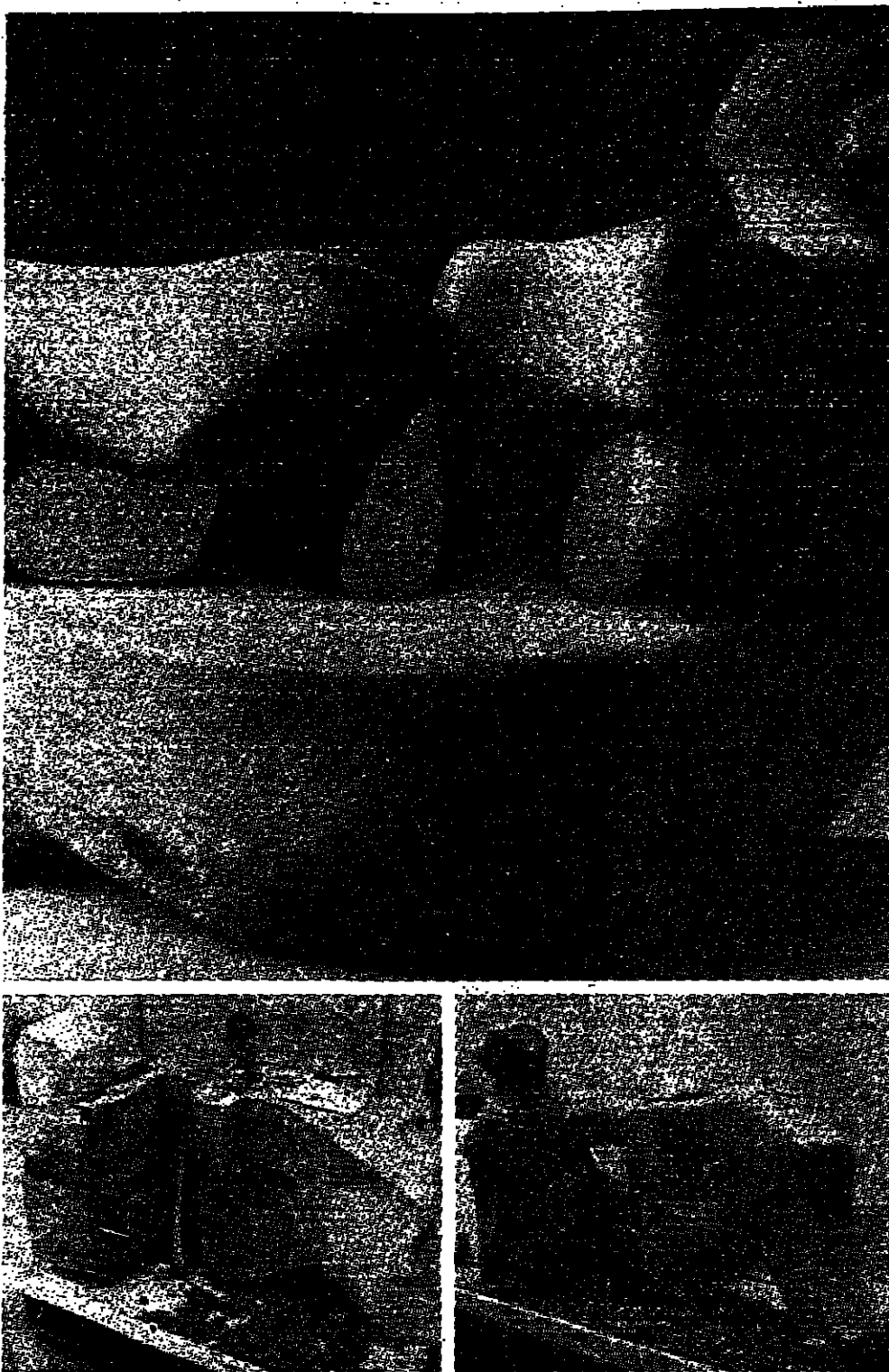
are also ground plans and often itemized costs.

The Edwardian purchaser seems to have had good value for his money. The house with the "man's room" mentioned above also contained three sitting rooms and five bedrooms and cost less than £2,000. A thatched cottage in Wales, which "though it has three sitting rooms of adequate size, yet it may rightly be called small, as it was designed for a lady with one servant, and has only four bedrooms", cost under £800.

At the price of the Lutyens house we can only guess. A handsome one at Wimbledon, practically a mansion, in 1903 cost £5,080. Compare these prices with the £56,000 that may be asked and obtained today for one of a row of 20-year-old bungalows that seemed to me expensive at their original prices of under £4,000. Yet in the 1930s money would occasionally go farther than before the First World War.

Early in the decade friends of mine, seeking to economize, sold their much-loved family home, but found instead a tolerable substitute in Norfolk. This consisted of a striking Georgian Gothic "cottage" with three or four sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, stables and lodge, together with 20 acres of parkland for... £3,000. Of course it still required what we now call a "staff" of four to run it, so that opportunities to economize were limited.

As late as 1953, if you kept your eyes open, you could find almost unbelievable bargains. Thus an advertisement in *The Times* might (and did) lead to a beautiful and unspoiled early Georgian farmhouse containing three sitting rooms, four or five bedrooms and such delights as a spiral staircase to the attic, together with an acre and a half of land for £2,500. It was loved at first sight with me, and I've never stopped loving it.



Reclining Figure: Holes (top) and (below) in preparation, included in the latest volume of the complete catalogue of Henry Moore's work: 1974-1980 (Lund Humphries, £17.50)

Soothing face of a savage thriller

Crime writing has two faces. Or rather backside. There are the spreading hips of the cosy, and there are the lean buttocks of the hunter. An example of the cosy is *Puppet for a Corpse* by Dorothy Simpson (Michael Joseph, £7.95), a whodunit in the fine tradition of the puzzle game, if with more of real human dilemmas in it than, say, most of Agatha Christie.

William McIlvanney's *The Papers of Tony Veitch* (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95) takes us to the underworld of Glasgow where rumours of a fine haul to be made effectively stir the muck and bring into thoughtful action once again the eponymous detective of his first thriller, *Laidlaw*. And it is in the character of Laidlaw that perhaps the secret of the strength of the attraction of the book lies. He blends at once the tough and the aware, even the sensitive.

So we get all the frisson of adventure, making our way not through jungles but, as hazardous, through "Glasgow on a Friday night, the city of the stars", but still have the comfort of knowing that for us the stars will not be followed by the knee in the crotch and that the motive behind the stars will be laid out for our understanding. To us softies what could be more agreeable?

Yet a suspicion half-raises itself in my mind: is this combination of the tough and the sensitive a true fusion or is it simply a successful temporary combination like oil and vinegar in a dressing? Here is an example (a down-and-out is talking): "See that Sigmund Freud? Ah coulda learned him about people". It's a good one. It says something about Glasgow (and, incidentally, it exemplifies McIlvanney's skill in transliterating the patois) but isn't it a tiny bit of a fraud itself? Or is it? Sometimes I think I detect a similar sleight-of-hand in Raymond Chandler, a faint falsity, a hint of poeticizing. But for most people Chandler works. And I find no difficulty in bracketing McIl-



H. R. F. Keating

vanney's tale of treachery and revenge in the Scottish city with Chandler's tales of corruption and brutality in Los Angeles.

Nat Hentoff's *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (Constable, £6.95) is set in Greenwich Village, New York, perhaps not the city's toughest area, but quite tough enough thank you. It recounts a few days in the existence of a local precinct detective, Green, and neither lives nor property are safe in it for one minute. We get, in fact, a clear-eyed view of a murky world, and this straight setting down of the unpalatable facts is its great virtue.

It is all told, too, in splendidly demotic dialogues, fast-moving and real-feeling, if plumped with obscenities. I enjoyed it a lot as I read. The trick worked. It is, paradoxically, fine entertainment. Fine, and safe.

The Back of the North Wind, by Nicholas Freeling (Heinemann, £7.95).

Freeling gets more idiosyncratic by the book. Here an evening/irritating prose tells of Commissioner Castang confronting violence crimes galore. *The Hand of Glass*, by Jennie Melville (Macmillan, £8.50). Up, up and away into a whirling romantic world, nervily darting, unabashedly snobby, where murder was done in a Kent village once.

Seymour, Sweet Seymour, by James Melville (Secker & Warburg, £7.95).

Crime amid the culture clash (vide title), as fascinating core-samples of Japanese life are hauled up. Wouldn't mind a bit more story, though.

Mr Kipling's high and far-off times

After insulting Rudyard Kipling last year with some brash picture-book versions of four of the *Just So Stories*, Messrs Macmillan have now made proper amends by reprinting the whole collection as it ought to be, with the author's own indispensable illustrations.

These *Tales of the High and Far-off Times* (£9.95) make tough competition for today's storytellers, but here are a few Stute Fish somewhere behind the Whale's right ear.

Among picture books worth a look are: *Spot's Birthday Party*, by Eric Hill (Heinemann, £4.50). Hide-and-seek is a natural theme for one of those books where you lift up chunks of the page to see what's

underneath. Eric Hill adds some nice repartee.

Stanley Bagshaw and the Twenty-Two-Ton Whale (Hamish Hamilton, £4.75) is a joyous lark by Bob Wilson, more or less in the metre of "Sam and his Musketeer".

With Phoebe and Joan Worthington's *Teddy Bear Gardener* (Warne, £3.25) one begins to wonder what can stop the Misses Worthington taking Teddy Bear through every occupation there is. (He's already been a coalman, a baker and a postman).

More traditional offerings include *The Chicken Book*, by Carth Williams (Patrick Hardy, £4.95), a picture-book adaptation of the rhyme about dozy



Brian Alderson

chicks who need to get scratching for their breakfast.

Despite some stage Welsh "boy-bach" - *The Silver Cow, a Welsh Tale* (illustrated by Warwick Hutton, Chatto, £4.95), is a fine rhythmic retelling by Susan Cooper of a story of overweening greed and its consequences. Hutton's pale pictures do full justice to the damp landscape.

An old legend is expanded in *The Golem*, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (illustrated by Uri Shulevitz, Deutsch, £4.95) into a short novel. It tells how 10 sacks of clay go to make up a giant to save the Jews of Prague from persecution.

SUSPENSE FROM MACMILLAN

ELLIS PETERS THE SANCTUARY SPARROW

The Seventh Chronicle of Brother Cadfael
'Impeccable twelfth century background. Holmes Doyle and historical Doyle in one.'
H. R. F. Keating, *The Times* £6.95

SARA WOODS CALL BACK YESTERDAY

'The plot is as intricate as a fiend's maze. A page-turner.'
Matthew Coady, *The Guardian* £6.50

PETER FOX KENSINGTON GORE

'Grips like a marginal by-election.'
Christopher Wordsworth, *The Observer* £6.95

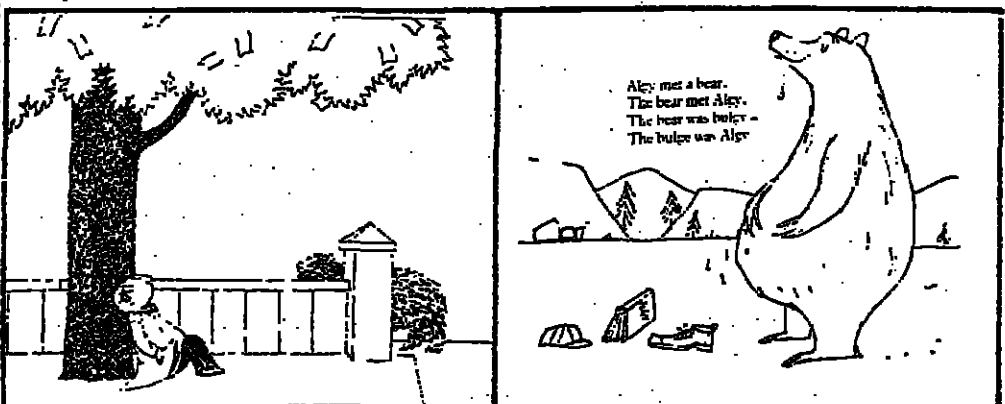
DAVID FLETCHER RAINBOW IN HELL

'Creepily claustrophobic, grips like a vice.'
Michael Hickling, *The Yorkshire Post* £6.50

PAULA GOSLING THE WOMAN IN RED

'Super, swift-sure characterisation, pace, high local colour: Paula Gosling has all the gifts.'
John Coleman, *The Sunday Times* £6.95

MACMILLAN LONDON



Treehorn, whose shrinking caused so little dismay among his family, returns (left) with a tree which grows dollar bills. Treehorn's Treasury by Florence Parry Heide, illustrated by Edward Gorey (Kestrel, £3.95). The bulgy bear (right) is one of Colin West's drawings from Cohen's Cornucopia of jaw-breaking tongue-twisters collected by Mark Cohen (Patrick Hardy, £4.50). Colin West has also compiled a comic anthology of his own: *The Land of Utter Nonsense* (Hutchinson, £3.95).

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IN THE MOOD'S Yorkshire mill-town Grippenshaw positively shimmers with period detail... it's a 'Fifties feast... funny to start with and still funny by the end!'

HERMIONE LEE,
The Observer

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مكتبة النور

Dealer ordered to repay purchase price of Ingres copy with interest

By Geraldine Norman, Sale Room Correspondent

A firm of London art-dealers which sold Mrs Catherine Curran a photographic copy of an Ingres drawing in 1970 as a genuine work, was ordered in the High Court in London yesterday to repay the purchase price of \$18,000 (£11,250).

Hazlett, Gooden and Fox was also directed to pay interest over the 13 years, calculated at \$23,000 (£14,625) and legal costs estimated at \$10,000.

Hazlett had offered to repay the purchase price, to Mrs Curran, an American collector, of Chester Square, Belgravia, as soon as its mistake was discovered in 1981, but balked at the idea that it should be liable to pay interest on the sum irrespective of the time that had elapsed since the sale.

Its case was based on the Limitation Acts and its counsel argued that its responsibility lapsed after six years.

"We felt we were fighting for a principle," Mr Jack Berr, managing director of Hazlett, said yesterday. "Heaven knows what this is going to mean for the art market. We all make mistakes, and this means we are to be held responsible for them in perpetuity. Think what it could mean to Sotheby's and Christie's."

Mr Joe Och, Sotheby's legal adviser, said: "I do not believe

you can have a correct attribution for postscript on any work of art. He pointed out, however, that Sotheby's operated a five-year guarantee.

Mr Paul Whitfield, of Christie's, also emphasized his firm's obligations of sale, as constituting an important part of the contract.

Mr John Baskett, president of the Society of London Art Dealers, said that he would have to study the judgment, but it was "worrying" and it could be necessary for dealers to hedge their attributions with legal disclaimers.

Mr Justice Webster, in his judgment noted the limitations of what he had been asked to decide. The Limitations Act, 1980, made an exception to the six-year rule where a mistake was discovered after a long delay, but only where the plaintiff could not have discovered it earlier by using "reasonable diligence".

The case turned on the definition of "reasonable diligence". The judge concluded that it was impossible to devise a meaning which could be generally applied in all contexts. In this case, he decided it to mean "that which an ordinary prudent purchaser of a work of art would do, given all the circumstances".

The evidence showed it was not normal practice when a purchase was made from a reputable gallery for the purchaser to seek a separate authentication.

Mrs Curran has shown diligence in that she had checked the catalogue of the Petit Palais exhibition in 1967-68 and has an independent appraisal from Mrs Stephanie Maison, and she had asked Sotheby's to make a valuation within six months of purchase.

Mrs Maison is a drawings dealer who advised Mrs Curran and is now a partner in Hazlett.

He suggested that Sotheby's might have shown negligence in failing to identify the reproducing copy when they made the valuation of Mrs Curran's collection in 1976. He had heard evidence from Mr Stephen Somerville, the art dealer who had discovered the mistake over the Ingres in 1981.

Mr Somerville had stated that it was his normal practice to consider authenticity when making a valuation. He said that that was not a universal approach in the trade. Sotheby's had not noticed that the drawing was a copy.

Judge says 'dungeon cell' not unlawful

By Frances Gibb, Legal Affairs Correspondent

The detention of two men on remand in a windowless police cell measuring eight by six feet for eight days was not unlawful or inhuman treatment, the High Court held yesterday.

Mr Justice Stephen Brown said the conditions were "far from satisfactory" but were not such as to give rise to a finding that the detention was unlawful.

Sitting with Mr Justice McCullough, he dismissed an application for a writ of habeas corpus by two brothers, Hari Nahar, aged 34, and Savinder, aged 21, who were remanded in custody on drugs charges at Camberwell Green magistrates' court, in South London on May 20.

The case had implications for some 300 remand prisoners held in police cells because of overcrowding in prisons. Lord Gifford, QC, for the men, said the "dungeonlike" conditions breached the European Convention on Human Rights, which prohibits "inhuman treatment" and as such was unlawful.

"The worst feature of these cells is that they have no access to natural light. They are, in effect, dungeons, from which the defendants cannot escape, even for periods of exercise. For security reasons that took place in an enclosed space without natural light."

There was no certainty when the confinement would end, it



Mr Justice Stephen Brown: Conditions "Not satisfactory"

might not be for weeks or months, he said.

But Mr Justice Brown questioned whether, although the conditions were far from ideal, they could really be said as a whole to constitute inhuman or degrading treatment.

He said there must be some minimum standards which would render the detention unlawful, but he did not consider those in the European Convention to be appropriate in this case.

Museums to be open on Monday

By Christopher Warner, Arts Correspondent

In contrast to the closed doors of museums and galleries on May 2 for the May Day Bank holiday, most of Britain's showplaces will be open to tourists and holidaymakers on Monday, the spring Bank holiday.

On May 2 those wishing to visit public amenities, particularly the dozens of museums and galleries in London, on a wet Bank holiday found them shut. In letters to *The Times* readers asked why.

The simple answer is that the May Day Bank holiday has not sufficiently impinged itself in the calendar, and that with many places normally closed on Mondays, the administrators were doubtful whether there would be enough visitors to make opening worth while.

The extra cost of paying staff on the Bank holiday and the fact that, with union blessing, most staff wanted the day off, made it more difficult.

Thus the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Tate, the Hayward, the Victoria and Albert and the National Gallery of Scotland were among the many closed. All those and more will be open on Monday.

The Greater London Council determined to bring the arts to the people, keep its houses, such as Kenwood and the Ranger's House at Blackheath, open on May Day.



High-flying executives: Mr Burr (left), president of People Express, and Mr Pareil, managing officer, after their arrival at Gatwick airport.

People Express flies in

From Rupert Morris, New York

It was an intoxicating experience, flying from London to New York yesterday by People Express - not just because of the free champagne (inaugural flight only) and not just because at \$99 one way every passenger was saving at least \$76 compared with the cheapest stand-by ticket.

There were only 51 of us in a Boeing 747 with 433 seats, which left Gatwick at about 10.30 am and arriving at Newark Airport, New Jersey, seven-and-a-half hours later.

With 13 cabin staff to look after us, we were spoilt. But there was a shared excitement among staff and passengers, all of whom had booked their tickets in the previous 22 hours and were tackling the journey in a true pioneering spirit.

Booking opened only on Thursday afternoon, as soon as the Department of Trade had granted People Express its operating licence.

Mr Mark Elvidge, aged 24, a Canadian who had spent two years travelling around the world said: "The first thing I do in any town is find out the good spots to buy tickets. You can get tickets on charter flights from London to New York for \$109,

but there is nothing cheaper than this".

Even more excited were Mr Howard Wright, aged 23, and his sister Lovelace, aged 24, from Thornton Heath, Croydon, who were travelling to a cousin's wedding in Brooklyn, New York. They had been resigned to missing the trip because they could not afford the normal fare, but now they were going to make a surprise appearance at the wedding.

The staff of People Express had so much going for them, they need hardly have bothered, but they were solicitous almost to the point of overkill.

They called themselves "customer service managers", and when asked to explain how they differed from ordinary airline stewards and stewardesses they said: "We are all cross-trained. We manage ourselves."

People Express employees do not work within a conventional hierarchy. They take it in turns to be flight managers. No one is "above" anyone else.

Even Mr Donald Burr, the company president, who travelled in "the premium class" at the front (an extra \$192 for wider seats and the right to pay

for a "gourmet buffet"), is known by his Christian name.

Staff flexibility is the key to the success of People Express, which has no ticket office and minimal bureaucracy. Passengers check in at a British Airways desk at Gatwick and pay on the plane, mostly by credit card. The main computer that deals with ticketing was programmed by one of the company's pilots.

The entire operation is impressively streamlined. People Express has only one Boeing 747 sporting its cream, brown and orange livery, having been restricted to five return flights a week for the first two years of operations.

Earlier yesterday morning the People Express Boeing had landed at Gatwick airport with just over a hundred passengers, including Mr Donald Burr, president of People Express, and Mr Harold Pareil, its managing officer. Mr Mark Antonitis and his wife Susan, both aged 26, had flown over to spend their honeymoon in Britain.

Advanced bookings for the People Express service rose to 35,000 last night.



Honeymoon passengers: Mr and Mrs Mark Antonitis (Photographs: Tony Weaver).

Jail order is made on Joe Bugner

Joe Bugner, the heavyweight boxer, could be jailed for two months the next time he arrives in Britain, unless he pays his former wife £14,000 unpaid maintenance within the next 28 days.

Judge Garfitt made the order yesterday at Cambridge County Court after Mr Bugner, aged 32, failed to turn up. His former wife, aged 31, of Wyton, Cambridgeshire, is now called Wendy Gale. She says the money is owed in maintenance for their three children between 1978 and 1981.

Judge Garfitt said that in failing to turn up, Mr Bugner had also forfeited the right to challenge the claim. A request from Mr Bugner's solicitors to be released from the responsibility of representing him was agreed.

Judge Garfitt said that Mr Bugner was due to challenge the claim, but was still in California. "He has treated this court with complete contempt and has clearly demonstrated his failure to meet his obligations to his children."

Footballer freed of rape charge

A player in the first division of the Football League walked free from Highbury Magistrates' Court, in north London, yesterday after having been accused, with his brother of raping a girl, aged 21 in Holloway, north London in the early hours of March 21.

Mr Anthony Wells, for the Director of Public Prosecution said that the prospects of conviction were not sufficient.

Improved hunter sub joins Navy

Britain's latest nuclear-powered submarine, the £180m Trafalgar, was commissioned into service at Vickers shipyard at Barrow-in-Furness yesterday.

The vessel, the first of a new class of hunter killers, will not be able to leave the dockyard for another month because of an electrical fault.

Four more submarines of the class are on order at Barrow. They represent important advances on hunter killers used in the Falklands conflict.

Tory takes Russians on a sight-seeing tour

From Our Correspondent, Cheltenham

A delegation of 20 Russians yesterday spent the day touring Cheltenham as guests of Mr Dudley Aldridge, a Conservative councillor.

The delegation, which includes a judge, teachers and manual workers, were from Sochi, the Black Sea resort twinned with

the Cotswold spa town for the past 25 years.

However, because Cheltenham council suspended official winning links with the Soviets three years ago after the invasion of Afghanistan, the delegation was denied official status and a council reception.

Instead Mr Aldridge held a reception at his home before the group went on a sight-seeing tour, with perhaps the most interesting local landmark being the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ).

Mr Aldridge, a former

mayor, said: "I went to Sochi on a visit five years ago and had a wonderful time, and I thought it was wrong to ignore the delegation, because our links go back so far. The most sensible thing to do is to show them what life is like in Britain."

Reservist survives bomb attack

From Richard Ford, Belfast

A police reservist who was slightly injured in a bomb attack a few months ago, survived an attempt by the Provisional IRA to blow up his van yesterday, in the latest in a series of terrorist attacks in Northern Ireland.

The reservist was driving to a factory in Warrington, co. Armagh, where he works as a foreman, when terrorists lying in wait set off a bomb at the side of the road. The van was taken to hospital suffering from shock and slight arm injuries.

The terrorists, who had held a family hostage in Lurgan before taking their car, detonated the device by a command wire as the man drove past, and then fled, abandoning the car in Lurgan.

In January the reservist was driving in co. Armagh when he was ambushed by two gunmen as he stopped to pick up workmates, but he suffered only flesh wounds.

Yesterday's attack confirmed a trend of increasing violence by the Provisional IRA as the general election campaign begins in earnest in Northern Ireland. This week there have been three bomb explosions using more than 2,000lb of explosives, including one in west Belfast which caused £1m of damage and injured 15 people.

A reservist has been killed as part of the violence which began in the week the election was announced, with the discovery of a 500lb bomb in west Belfast, and a device of similar size at Crossmaglen, co. Armagh.

Earlier this week the Royal Ulster Constabulary warned people to be alert during the two weeks before polling day, and are bracing themselves for further attacks. Mr Geary Adams, vice-president of the Provisional Sinn Féin, has said there is no link between what is happening and the PSF's election campaign.

Police to pay £800 to an 'engaging scoundrel'

By a Staff Reporter

Winston Churchill Millington, described by a judge as "an engaging scoundrel", was awarded £800 damages against the Metropolitan Police in the High Court in London yesterday. The award was for his unlawful detention for 41 hours at Gypsy Hill police station, in south-east London.

Mr Justice Forbes said Mr Millington, of Thimble House, Salisbury Road, Edmonstone, north London, could only be described as "an engaging scoundrel who has no conscience with reality and is a romantic and hopeless as a witness of truth".

But Mr Millington should have been released from detention at least 12 hours earlier than he was after his lawful arrest in February, 1978, on suspicion of trying with his wife to obtain a licence on a car by making a false statement. They were both subsequently cleared at Inner London Crown Court.

The police, who denied unlawful arrest and detention, were also ordered to pay interest on the award.

Mr Millington's "derivative behaviour" at the station was a

reasonable ground for the police thinking he might try to concoct an alibi if released before inquiries were completed and he had been charged, Mr Justice Forbes said.

But the inspector in charge, "a smart impressive witness and a fine officer", had been misled by the regulation dealing with the right to detain suspects, the judge said.

The judge rejected Mr Millington's allegation that he had been detained in a badly ventilated cell with dirty bedding because it so happens that the police film unit was making a recruiting film at the station, which had been made spoofs for the occasion.

Dealing with Mr Millington's age, the judge said he claimed to have been born in 1933, but his passport gave 1905. There was also evidence that he had been born in 1919. "He looks to me about 65."

Mr Millington has also claimed to have served in the British West Indian Regiment during the 1914-18 war in Palestine and that he had a "noting acquaintance" with General Allenby.

Girl lured to barracks and assaulted

From Our Correspondent, Winchester

A judge criticized security at an Army base yesterday when he heard how three soldiers who had fought in the Falklands lured a girl aged 19 to their barracks.

The girl was enticed into a room by three youths in the 4th Regiment, Royal Artillery, stationed at Little Bessels, Winchester. Winchester Crown Court was told. Her legs were tied to a bed with parachute cord and she was stripped and sexually assaulted.

Ofen, from Lagos, Nigeria, aged 21, Trevor Ramsey, aged 20, from Manchester, and Michael Haughton, aged 20, from Castle Town, Jamaica, admitted indecent assault.

Ofen was jailed for nine months, Ramsey and Haughton were sentenced to nine months' youth custody.

Ofen was one of four soldiers in the guard room who turned a blind eye when the girl was allowed into the camp, the court was told.

Mr Justice Paine said: "This is

quite absurd. Here is a chap on guard duty doing what he is supposed to be preventing others from doing."

Mr Michael Hubbard, for the prosecution, remarked: "This case again highlights the ease with which girls go to barracks. There is inevitable disaster. It does not take much imagination to think of the consequences if, in fact, there had been a substitute for the girl that night on some far more evil purpose for entering the barracks."

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TRAVEL

Strictly for the hale and the hardy, Richard North maps out a journey of invigorating and visceral delight

Rediscovering the splendour of Britain's rugged north

You know you are in the north country when the postmen have Land Rovers and the police stations sprout notices telling householders how to mark out their back paddocks for the helicopter bringing them supplies in the event of a snow-in. And the time to go north is when contingency plans like these might at any moment be put into operation: anywhere between autumn and spring, when a blizzard may come hurtling down the valley or glen without announcement, whitening over what had been wistly sunned-over minutes before.

There are only two ways to go north. One is sublime: overnight sleeper from King's Cross, with the frisson of waking the next day, with the rattle and glamour of the train as your alarm, somewhere around Aviemore. Or the cheaper, slower approach: we chose the latter: a gaggle of friends, in search of the saints (they concentrate the mind) and some of the unique wetland wildernesses (they need all the friends they can get) of Scotland. We plodded up the A1 in a motorhome (comfortable sleeping for four, though you had to be chums indeed, since the accommodation consists solely of double beds).

Tacky caravans beside the road offer you bacon sandwiches and gossip about CB radio and Smokey Bear. The A1 is for greasers and truckers and people in search of an unreconstructed Britain. Turn left off it anywhere after Sheffield and you are in high country.

We decided to shoot away into the valleys of Yorkshire or Durham. But which? Wharfedale? Wensleydale? Airedale Teesdale? Weardale? Wensleydale, for the excitement of Askrigg Falls.

Further west and north, dropping down into the Lake District is like wandering into a stage set: we were granted a blazing sunset and clear-eyed sunrise after overnighting at the marvellous Quiet Site (decent bar facilities) high in the lee of Little Mell Fell (just over the back fence), by Ullswater.

There is something about the early morning in a camp site,

car park or lay-by. Something about its suddenness, its abrupt intrusion on your dreams. Enough to say that we walked along a lakeside as morning gathered itself and the scenery was as lovely as those crayon-etched scenes on the Derwent pencil-tin lids. There is a fine dry sherry quality to the autumn lights in lakeside woodland, the grass and reed tundra beside them recall pictures of Africa.

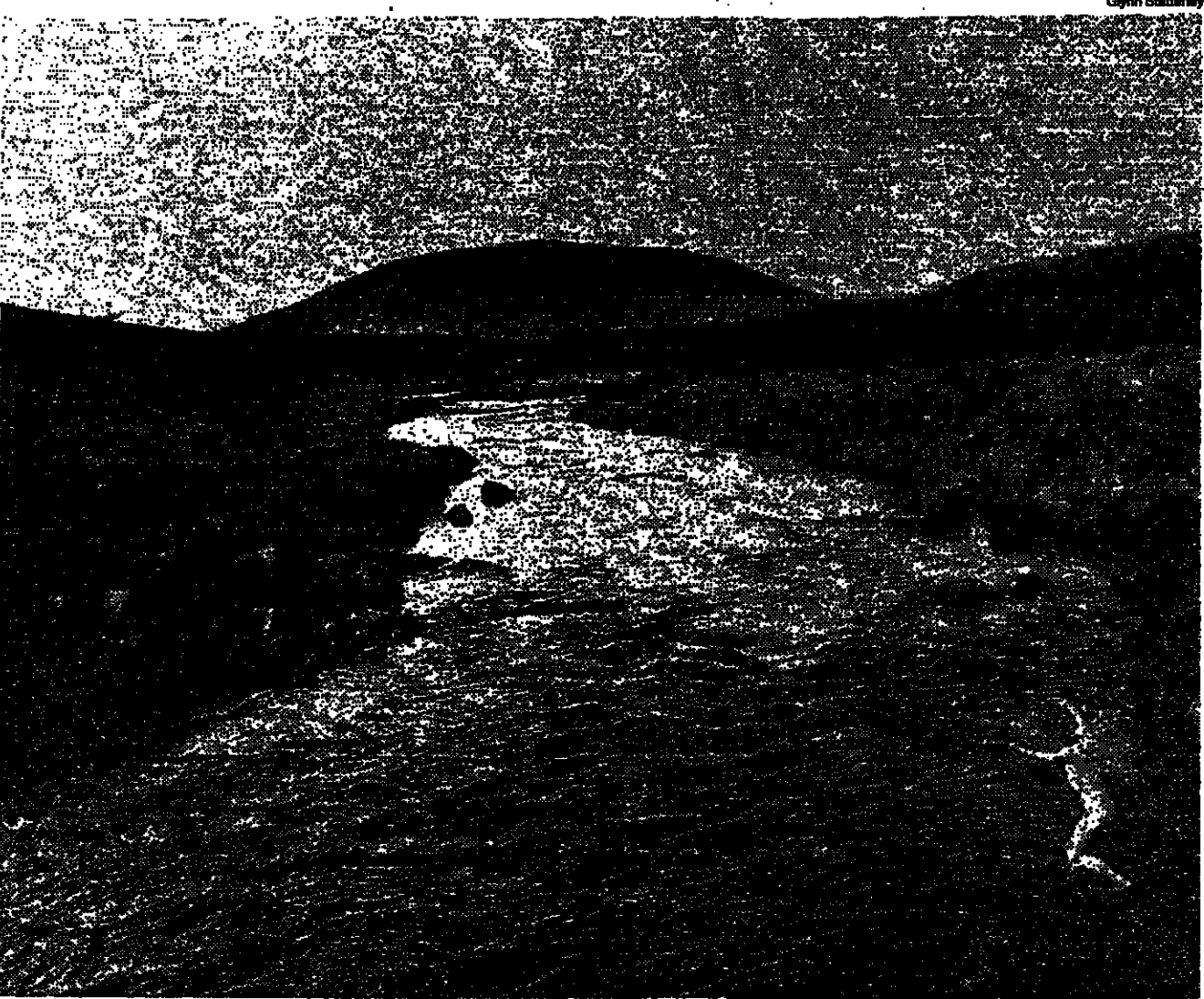
We bought free-range eggs from Sarah Chaplin whose back-side farm, in St John's in the Vale, is open for bed and breakfast. She says the guard-geese soon leave you alone: in which case the place is probably heaven.

To Carlisle where the dour castle sticks up like a stump of brown chalk. The cathedral boasts lovely medieval paintings and even the last resting place of Canon Hardwicke Rawnsley, friend of Tennyson and founder of the National Trust.

And Glasgow, where the traffic wardens are so friendly they answer inquiries by all but walking with you, hand at elbow, to your destination. They were putting up the Christmas decorations in St George's Square (this was November 1), and we were in no mood for towns anyway, so we scuttled on and did not stop till Crieff, a steep little town where the bars are at first floor level: we picked the one where the young and not-so-young hang out and swap stories about the days when they ran away and lived in London, Glasgow or New York.

I had wanted to see St Fillan's Well, by Loch Earn's almost English charms, but a local told me it was just a dull spring on a hummock in a golf course. We lighted it.

Then cross-country to Loch Tay and Aberfeldy, and Killin where autumn was going berserk in the trees. We walked the Caledonian Pine woods at Rothiemurchus, on bouncy heather beside wide shallow streams, and sought out Insh, where, dogged as ever by



Travelling light: The author prepares to sample Silver Flow, Clatteringshaws, in Dumfries and Galloway

stunning, ill-deserved luck, we saw the first Whooper Swans of the year arrive, on a great soggy tongue of reed-fringed water, one of the finest feulands in the country; and did momentary obeisance to two exquisite chapels, one of them named Swan Chapel in immemorial honour of the beautiful visitors: bleak, bright, small places, one of them built on a crop of rock lapped by Loch Inch.

And so on to Inverness, where a travelling companion introduced two respectable ladies to magic mushrooming out on the moorland. They rather primly out-picked him, once they knew what to look for, about three to one, and wondered what effect this native flora would have, and should it be taken with, or instead of, whisky. Instead, said the itinerant sage.

We walked the high glenside of Loch Ness at Abriachan, the terrain where St Columba, who is said to have subdued the

Monster, stomped about bullying the locals into Christianity. Below us, high-density clouds powered down the Great Glen like smoke from proud steam trains as the sun hailed itself into the sky and the wind tried to tug us from the cairn.

Coffee and whisky with Lorna Lumsden, who runs a business for people seeking to rent highland properties; anything from a croft to a full-blown lodge. She had to be brought down from re-roofing her own

croft in Black Fold north of the Great Glen to tell us where the bottle was. Woodstoves and a microcomputer miles from the nearest cottage: an instant welcome for the traveller. What people, these highlanders!

A zigzag across the country to Claish Moss, a great soggy peatland you must rent a boat at Daledia Pier (it's a jetty) to see it: across Loch Shiel, where Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stewart was rowed to Glenfinnan, to raise his father's

standard, on August 19, 1745. St Fintin's Isle is a miraculously still ruin of a chapel and graveyard in mid-loch. We bog-stomped and swam: a cold, grey, exhilarating day.

The A9 cuts an almost balletic swathe through the highlands, with, after Inverness, oil rigs holding a candle in the sky to seaward. At Helmsdale we turned North, past great Neolithic souterrains in rubble, the Grey Cairns of Camster, into the badlands of Caithness, a desert of abandoned crofts and probably disastrous forestry. For a sunny afternoon we romped on Blar Nam Follie, a primordial bog so huge that entire lochs are tucked away. A place of shattering loneliness.

We were booked on a ferry for the Hebrides, out of Ullapool. There is a wonderful quality to being stormbound in such a place: the Seaforth Hotel has a bar, presided over by three tough, kindly girls who mop up round the fallen, victims of the all-day drinking that nearly claimed our party. Just across the road is the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen where you go to sober up and eat and repair the soul and watch the storm pick up handfuls of lock water and throw them into the sky.

There are more seagoing taxi firms than land-based, scurrying among the foreign factory ships, called Klondikers. Scruffy men in big Mercedes conduct their business over walkie-talkies and pass the time of day over cigars and whisky (Seaforth) or bacon rolls. Quartz halogen lamps make the wharf bright half the night.

I forget how many days passed. When the ship was ready to make sure of brandy and seashell pills: the last time she left port she had to shelter at the end of the loch for half a morning before making a dash for it. We were tossed across the North Minch in fine shape and arrived in time for all-night, riotous dancing and earnest discussions with high-minded, anxious, sturdy, high-stepping island people. Friday night in Stornoway is glorious.

We had driven hundreds of miles and seen a great deal of the most beautiful country in the world. But nothing prepared us for the loveliness of the south of Harris. We had to borrow a car for the last stretch: the sheep had come into Tarbert's streets to shelter in doorways, and we did not dare drive the van in such a gale.

The streams were being blown back from the roads' edges, like a schoolboy's unruly quiff. We tumbled down a C road built like a roller coaster. Out to sea, the wave-mountains were queuing up to pound into Loch Beacraik. And so on to the peninsula of land running out to Toe Head. The wind was so high we were not sure we dare even leave the car.

"Chapel (ruins of)" it said on the map, and that dragged us on. The sand and seaspire were being driven horizontally at our eyes: the moorgrass had given in, lying in one near-flattened mass at our feet. The chapel's walls were almost as thick as the tiny space they enclosed. There was no roof. One window - a slit - looked out to sea. We drew breath in a perfect symbol of this island of saints (Columba among them) and wished we could stay forever.

The Quiet Site, Cove, Watnall, Ullswater, Cumbria (Pocley Bridge 337); Sarah Chaplin, Lowbridge End Farm, St John's in the Vale, Keswick, Cumbria (Threlkeld 248); Scottish Holiday Homes (Lorna Lumsden), Wester Aulhouse, Abriachan, Inverness, IV3 6LB (Dochgarrock 247); self catering properties of every sort. Caledonian Macbrayne, the shipping company, run a host of stunning ferry routes around the Scottish Isles. The Ferry Terminal, Gourock, PA19 1QP (Gourock 33755); four-bed motorhome (depending on season, up to £250 a week all in, no mileage charges) was from Apex Leisure Hire, 64 Albert Embankment, London SE1 (735 5856).



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Rod, wine and fishcakes, up in castle country

Shona Crawford Poole, Travel Editor, begins a series on short holidays with a visit to the Borders



Striding across a grouse moor, kicking up few birds though there are plenty of their catkin droppings in the heather, is a fine way to dispatch city cobwebs. No grander though than standing in the sparkling Tweed, ears and neck well-scrubbed against the fishing equivalent of an own-goal from an ineptly cast fly.

If invitations for weekends in Scotland are scarce just now, I know of a duke who will be happy to put you up for a consideration at one of his country places.

Three miles upstream of the junction of the Tweed and Teviot rivers is Sunlaw, a country house on the Duke of Roxburgh's estate. Last year the Duke and Duchess turned it into a hotel of which they are the proprietors. Wine and fishcakes from the big house, Floors Castle, add colour to the gustatory proceedings, and hotel guests have free admission to the castle during its open season (May 2 to September 30).

When I stayed at Sunlaw not long after it opened the furnishings were unscuffed, catalogue bright, and the service on tip-top. All should mellow well, as should the planting in the huge conservatory where, prudently so far north, tea is taken. Allan and Frances Hobbs (he is everywhere and she cooks nice, slightly old fashioned food) run Sunlaw with a sure hand, and the local help is shy and pleasant.

The house has its own beat on the Teviot for salmon (February 1 to November 30), and trout (April 1 to September 30), and driven pheasant days can be arranged on the Roxburgh estate (November 1 to January 31).

The local tourist authority, justifiably aggrieved that so few visitors to Scotland take breath in the Borders as they hurry northwards, is making strenuous efforts to snare them. It produces an excellent range of literature on healthy outdoor and cultural pursuits.

I went walking with a countryside ranger who pointed out the sights that city slickers can miss - pixie cup lichen, eyelash fungi, and a spider carrying its egg sack. Cheviot sheep are an especially picturesque-looking breed.

I cycled round the country lanes on one of the sturdy bikes issued by Scottish Cycling Holidays and turned cold on a sunny afternoon at the macabre sight of 160 moles hung up to dry on a barbed wire farm fence. That was just the biggest catch, there were several others, and rooks too hung up in trees as an awful warning to others.

I learned how to cast a wet fly under the watchful, encouraging eye of Ted Hunter of Angler's Choice in Melrose, and how to return young fish to the river with minimum damage and another notch on the learning curve.

Then there was the pale stone and oak panelling of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home near Selkirk, and tea with Mrs Patricia Maxwell-Scott who has especially good raspberry jam and well behaved dogs. I cannot

get interested in Rob Roy's gun and artefacts of that ilk, but the house itself, built to Scott's wishes, is a splendid period piece.

And, of course, there is Floors Castle, begun in 1721 by William Adam, father of Robert. A painting by William Wilson in 1809 shows the rectangular Georgian original before William Playfair's extravagantly conceived alterations and additions transformed it into the flamboyant castle that stands today. Playfair's Gothic bird-room, full of stuffed birds in various states of repair, is immensely stylish, and the catalogue of paintings, furniture and objects worth a second glance is long.

Do stop to admire the view of the Tweed from the windows, and if the damp rising on one or two silk curtains is a puzzle, resist a polite inquiry about the castle's maintenance problems. One of her ladyship's dogs has not yet heard of Barbara Woodhouse.

Sunlaw House Hotel, Kelso, Roxburghshire TD5 6JZ, Scotland (057 35 331). Bed and full Scottish breakfast, including service and tax, from £42 a night for two sharing a double room. Singles from £28.50 to £30. Dinner, bed and breakfast, double, from £88. Dogs £1 a night. Hire cars can be arranged to meet guests arriving at Newcastle or Edinburgh airports, or at Berwick upon Tweed railway station.

For general information on accommodation and activities in the area write to the Tourism Division, Borders Regional Council, Newton St Boswells, Roxburghshire (St Boswells 23301 ext 213). Also for details of the ranger-guided walks. Scottish Cycling Holidays, Mr K. Tod, Bailmuir Post Office, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (Bridge of Cally 201).

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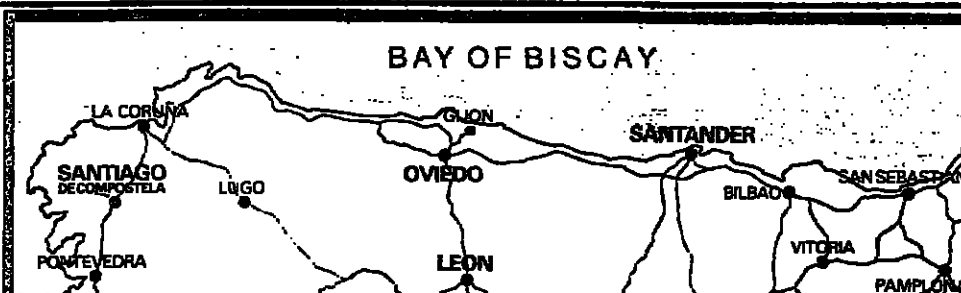
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دکتر حسن الشبل

Foreign press reaction ● Medway view on jobless ● What makes a candidate

ELECTION JUNE 83

British campaign lights few fires among the foreign press

By David Hewson

"My observation," said Mr R. W. "Johnny" Apple, "has always been that if there is a great gap in the perceived standing of the parties, what you usually get is a lot of people yelling at each other. That is certainly true this time round and it just adds to the cacophony. Frankly, it is not a very British election."

More than most of the foreign correspondents now hitting the British election trail, Mr Apple should know. His journalistic career has taken him to elections in Vietnam, France, Germany, Spain and Britain in the past, and included a spell as the political correspondent for the *New York Times*, the paper he now represents as London bureau chief.

Like most of his colleagues from papers abroad, Mr Apple is not particularly impressed by the way this election campaign has progressed. "I think it is all a bit mindless. When Foot makes a speech saying that the Tories are nothing but lies, I am afraid I start to think that your elections are becoming more and more American."

"I always enjoy an election - I am a political animal - but I am finding this one a bit testing. The manifestos are further apart than at any time since 1945. We are carrying five or six stories a week at the moment, which is a lot, but I do not think it is as intrinsically fascinating as, for example, the last Spanish election."

In the London headquarters of Tass, the official Soviet news agency serving 4,000 papers and periodicals, Mr Bity Chuksev, the bureau chief, is one of the few foreign correspondents who has been fired to new enthusiasms by the campaign.

"I find it far the most interesting election since I came here 11 years ago. There is a quite new element, a new factor, which has set it apart: the anti-nuclear movement, which has never played a part before. It is a new development in political life here generally and it is reflected in the campaign and in our coverage."

"I find the British electorate

in general is very volatile. Look at January and February last year when Mrs Thatcher was the worst prime minister in history. I would not exclude the possibility of a Tory win but I do not think they are going to build up their majority."

Tass had covered the Labour Party's ambivalent attitude towards Poland in detail among its two or three daily election dispatches. Mr Chuksev said:

He and his five correspondents are very much out on their own in holding out a candle for the hopes of Labour. Mr Peter Smarck, a London correspondent of the Australian liberal paper, the *Melbourne Age*, commented: "We are getting a reasonable amount in the paper, but I cannot say they are particularly agitated about it back in Australia because it is regarded as just a clench for Maggie, at least as far as the perception of the correspondents is concerned."

Australia is one country which can judge its own experiences by what is happening to Britain, having just seen a Conservative administration rejected for the sort of socialist principles which Mrs Thatcher was elected to destroy in 1979.

"In this bureau, and for a lot of foreign correspondents, we regard Mrs Thatcher herself as the issue," Mr Smarck said. "You would have to go pretty far into the outback without having to explain who she is. It is not the same with Mr Foot."

Mr Nils Eric Roessgaard, London correspondent for the Danish daily *Berlingske Tidende*, said: "We have a parallel interest with the Danish government being Conservative, and we have the same problems with unemployment and common membership of the EEC."

"But I think this is rather a dreary affair. It is my first British election and I thought the problems would be more relevant. It is being reduced to more or less personal attacks rather than argument."

"There is a general level of interest, but people seem to know the result of the election beforehand."

The Times Panel/Medway Labour fails to convince on unemployment

June 9 is a black day in the diary of Mary Griffin, one of the *Times* panel of voters. It is the last day her husband will be in full-time work. The day after the general election he will be collecting his cards from Chatham dockyard, where he started work as an apprentice iron caulker 26 years ago.

The dockyard has shed half its 7,000 workforce since the government's decision to close it in June 1981 and will continue running down until March 1984. It is a focal point for anger about rapidly rising unemployment in the Medway towns. More than 300 men, like Mary Griffin, who is 41, will be leaving in June.

For Mary Griffin, this is the prime reason for voting Labour. "I voted SDP in the local election, but will vote Labour in the general election. To vote SDP is to take votes from Labour and it is time to get Mrs Thatcher out."

Mrs Griffin, who has three school-age children, is a part-time youth worker. "I hear the views of these out of work youngsters at the youth club and they have no hope for the future," she said. "I worry about my own children."

Unemployment in the Medway area, which has risen from 5.6 per cent to 16.5 per cent is well above the national average. It has brought *The Times* voters' panel to an early majority decision. Two-thirds agreed it was the most important issue in the election campaign.

But translating that experience into votes for Labour, as in the case of the Griffins, is far from automatic. A significant minority of Labour voters, and a substantial majority of "undecideds" on the panel said the main blame did not rest with the Tory Government. According to a poll of Labour voters, Albert Medhurst, aged 69, a retired planner in parts in an engineering firm, "Mrs Thatcher did not cause unemployment. The world recession has got a lot to do with it."

A common fatalism about unemployment was expressed by dress machinist, Rose Holysack, aged 32, an undecided voter, who said none of the parties had impressed her with policies to deal with unemployment.

Lawrence Carley, an unemployed road construction fore-

man, is an example of the problem Labour may have, not just in the Medway area but throughout the country, in getting across its key campaign message that it is the party to deal with the mass unemployment caused by Mrs Thatcher.

Mr Carley, aged 51, sitting in his high-rise council flat, disconsolately scanning the paper, said he was depressed at being out of work.

"But you cannot blame Mrs Thatcher for the job situation. There is nothing wrong with the Government. I have not decided yet, but I'll probably go back to the Tories this time," he said.

A majority of the unemployed on *The Times* panel say they will vote Labour, but others who have stared unemployment in the face are less easily shaken from their party allegiances. Maureen Abnett, a housewife aged 44, struck to her Tories faith despite her husband losing his job and the prospect of not being able to afford to send her daughter to college.

"When my husband was made redundant from his job as a machine setter-operator we had at thrown at us from people round here: 'Well you put her

(Mrs Thatcher) in there.' Mrs Abnett said in the front room of her neat terrace house.

"I would not blame Mrs Thatcher for unemployment. I do not blame her for the closure of the dockyard. I think people often bring these things on themselves through strikes," she said.

Stephen Dunn, aged 26, a skilled mechanical fitter and turner, who has been made redundant twice since 1979, once from the dockyard, and now works for the gas board "literally digging roads", does blame the Tories for "throwing people out of jobs to better the country's economic situation and literally ruining people's lives", but plans to vote SDP to give a third party a chance.

The frequently encountered conservatism of the working class and even the unemployed in this depressed part of the relatively prosperous South-east comes as a shock to people bred in the Labour strongholds of the north, such as Hilary Lewis.

"I am appalled when I see the Tories do so well in an area such as this. A similar constituency in the north would be solid Labour. People there with the same housing, the same jobs

and the same problems would never vote Tory," Mrs Lewis, aged 30, said. She is head of biology at a local secondary school.

But there is some indication of progress for the Opposition parties in the decisions of two formerly undecided panel members, who both cite as reasons for their choices the level of unemployment.

Ian Lockyer, aged 21, a fabrication welder who has decided to vote SDP, said: "I believe in most of the Conservative policies but unemployment is the cost of those policies. It would have gone up under Labour, because of world trends. Labour have not got the answer."

Amnette Rooney, aged 19, who left school at 16 without qualifications, has done office work but has now been unemployed for a year. She has decided to vote Labour. "The Conservatives seem more concerned about ratepayers than about the unemployed. I do not understand Mr Foot's policies, but I have worked out for myself that Labour will do more for the unemployed," she said.

Amanda Haigh

Parties keep to their pledges

By John Young
Agriculture Correspondent

Despite efforts by animal welfare activists to bring the issue into the forefront of the election campaign, the main political parties have not by and large responded with great enthusiasm.

Labour is standing by its 1978 policy statement, *Living without Cruelty*, reissued last year. It promises that a future

THE ISSUES ANIMAL WELFARE

Labour government will turn the Farm Animal Welfare Council into a standing Royal Commission on Animal Protection, and will urgently review the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876, which is still the basis of contemporary law.

It will give "high priority" to research into alternatives to laboratory experiments on live animals. It will over a period of five years phase out all "extreme" livestock systems, and will introduce legislation to ensure that animals are slaughtered as near as possible to the farms where they are reared. It will also forbid the export of live food animals, except presumably for breeding purposes.

The Alliance is still more succinct, promising no more than a standing commission on animal welfare, which would "keep under rigorous examination" all issues of experimentation, farm animals and transportation.

The Conservatives state that since the time they were elected in 1979 they have been working to achieve a unified European agreement of animals. They have also introduced measures to improve the wellbeing of animals being transported to market of shipped abroad.

The last Government's White Paper on Animal Welfare, published on the eve of dissolution, was generally welcomed, as was its ban on the sale of pet animals in street markets.

A future Conservative government is ready to introduce legislation to update the 1876 Act to ensure more humane treatment of laboratory animals in scientific and industrial research.

On Monday: Trade Unions

Steel rules out ban on hunting

By Hugh Clayton
Environment Correspondent

Supporters of hunting said yesterday that Conservative and SDP-Liberal Alliance leaders had promised not to interfere with their sport while opponents called for strong support for Labour. The Conservative assurance was not surprising, but that from the Alliance was given against a background of widespread Liberal opposition.

The Liberal programme agreed almost a year ago stated: "We are opposed to the hunting of animals for sport." But the Alliance manifesto does not mention hunting. The British Field Sports Society said yesterday that it had been told by Mr David Steel, Liberal leader and Alliance campaign chairman, that if the Alliance gained power it would not try to ban hunting.

Mr Stephen Hastings, Conservative MP for mid-Bedfordshire until the dissolution and chairman of the society, called the Labour manifesto pledge to ban hunting "electronic cynicism" based on "comprehensive ignorance of wildlife."

But the Animal Protection Alliance, a federation of animal welfare groups, called on its 500,000 supporters to vote Labour in all but a few constituencies where they were advised to vote for Liberal candidates who had the best chance of beating Conservatives.

The federation which includes six societies opposed to vivisection, hunting and factory farming, named 15 seats where it thought that Liberals had the best chance of defeating Conservatives. They included North Cornwall, Chelmsford in Essex and Cheltenham.

Healey hits out at 'dole dictatorship'

By John Winder

Mr Denis Healey last night launched an attack on the dictatorship by dole, fear, and poverty which he said Mrs Thatcher had imposed on the British people.

He told a meeting at Gants Hill in Essex: "Labour will end her dictatorship. We shall create jobs and give back to all the British people the self-respect and freedom which Thatcher has tried to take from them, because having a job means having the right to make the life you choose for yourself and your family."

Britain was a rich country and Labour would use Britain's money to give jobs to the millions of Britons who wanted to work and use their skills.

The speech came at the end of a day spent by Mr Healey in walking around markets and shopping centres across the North side of London. On several occasions he showed his gift of languages, speaking to voters in Spanish, Italian and Polish.

Prior: I speak my mind

Mr James Prior, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, said yesterday that Mrs Margaret Thatcher sometimes gets cross with him. Mr Prior, who has made a number of speeches interpreted as attacks on the Government's economic policy, said at a Manchester press conference: "I do have a good relationship with Mrs Thatcher and I do speak my mind."

She does get cross with me and that must cause her embarrassment. She has never objected to me speaking my mind. I find that a very healthy position. I do not think it is one

she wants to dispense with, however big her majority."

"He said it was entirely up to the Prime Minister if he stayed in the Cabinet," Mrs Prior said. The Conservative Party is a broad church.

Mr Prior said Mrs Thatcher had been accused of being like a headmistress "who scolds all the naughty little boys for their bad behaviour". He said another view was that she was a very tough lady who would not countenance any criticism.

"I am the living embodiment that Mrs Thatcher is not like that."

New breed of candidate dominates the list of Tory hopefuls

By Mark Mitchell

The Conservative Party's list of election candidates shows marked differences between those who were MPs in the last Parliament and those who are fighting their first seat.

The chances are that a Conservative candidate who has not been an MP will be a man, aged about 37, educated at a provincial university, married, with two children and a legal background; he may well have sat on a local council.

The average Conservative MP is 51, and there is an even chance that he will be an Oxbridge man. He will be on a board rather than at the Bar.

If Mrs Thatcher gets her

landslide, expect to see rows of relative youngsters on the Tory benches. The majority of the 291 hopefuls on the list are aged between 31 and 40. During the last Parliament most Conservatives were aged between 40 and 60; 65 per cent of the 300 named on the list.

Fifty one per cent of MPs on the list went to Oxford and Cambridge; a mere 21 per cent taking degrees or higher qualifications in London or the provinces. The new boy is more likely to have gone to a redbrick university, polytechnic or college. London is popular, many graduating from the London School of Economics.

The public school contribution to the Conservative Party has not surprisingly declined. Of the listed MPs 37 went to Eton and 11 to Harrow, along with a scattering from Westminster and some Catholics. Eleven hopefuls went to Harrow, but the number of old Etonians is down to 12.

The law is a popular background for new candidates; 22 per cent declare a legal interest, although many have other interests in the fire. Assorted management, administrative and other white-collar occupations trail at 20 per cent with directorships and board membership coming in third on 17 per cent. Of the

MPs, 24 per cent hold directorships, 15 per cent are in finance (merchant banking, stockbroking and so on), and 16 per cent have a legal background.

However, many of the new type of candidates are fighting in seats which they will not win. Mr Tom Peet, for example, is standing in the safe Labour seat of Birkenhead held by Mr Frank Field with a majority of 5,909 in 1979.

Mr Peet was educated in Wigan and at St Helens Mining and Technical College. Born in 1942, he is a shift charge engineer at Goldbrook Colliery. There were nine listed women MPs in the Conserva-

tive Party in the last Parliament, and 28 more are to be fielded - 10 per cent of the hopefuls on the list. In the 25 constituencies which Labour could most easily lose to the Conservatives, only one is to be contested by a woman, Mrs Elizabeth Peacock in Batley and Spen.

Otherwise the pattern holds in these 25 marginals. The average candidate's age is 39. He stands a one in four chance of having studied at Oxbridge and of having a legal background. Thirteen of the candidates have previous political experience - 11 on local councils and two as MPs.



The new face of Tory Britain: Mr Patrick McLoughlin, aged 25, a miner at the Littleton colliery in Cannock, is the Conservative candidate for Wolverhampton, South-east. He is a member of the National



Union of Mineworkers, a district and county councillor in Staffordshire, and national vice-chairman of the Young Conservatives. He has to overcome an 8,000 Labour majority.

Senate confirms Reagan special envoy to Central America

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Mr Richard Stone as President Reagan's special peace envoy to Central America.

The President nominated Mr Stone, a former Democratic senator from Florida, to be his special envoy as part of an agreement last month to win congressional approval of \$30m (£19m) in military aid for the El Salvador Government, which is fighting left-wing guerrillas.

Mr Stone made clear during his confirmation hearings he would play a supportive role in peace negotiations to be worked out among Central American leaders. The Senate confirmed him by voice vote on Wednesday night and he may be sworn in next week.

Meanwhile, Pentagon and State Department officials declined immediate comment

on a report in the *New York Times* that the Reagan Administration had gained approval from Honduras to triple the number of US military advisers there and open a training base for Salvadoran soldiers in Honduras.

The front-page story in *The New York Times* yesterday said the training plan ran contrary to a non-binding policy statement adopted by the Senate foreign relations committee earlier this year. This stipulated that future US training of Salvadoran troops should be done at installations in the United States.

The Reagan Administration has an agreement with Congress not to station more than 55 American military advisers in El Salvador.

President Reagan has repeatedly blamed the Sandinista

Government of Nicaragua, which is supported by Cuba and the Soviet Union for helping the guerrillas in El Salvador.

The newspaper quoted a senior Pentagon official as saying that the US would send more than 100 military advisers to a Honduran base at Puerto Castilla on the Caribbean Coast. At present there are 62 American advisers in Honduras.

The paper said that the Honduras base, due to begin operations this summer, would also be used to train Honduran troops and military forces from other unspecified Central American nations.

The Pentagon announced on Monday that it would start training 525 Salvadoran officer candidates at Fort Benning, Georgia, later this month. Last year 477 Salvadoran officer candidates were trained there.

Politburo's language problem

From Richard Owen
Moscow

Reflecting the Kremlin's concern over anti-Russian attitudes among Soviet minority nationalities, the Politburo has decreed that the teaching of Russian is to be improved and stepped up across the Soviet Union.

An official account of the Politburo's weekly Thursday meeting said that because the Soviet economy had become a "single national economic complex", the importance of the Russian language "freely adopted by the Soviet people as the means of communication between nationalities" had grown correspondingly.

"Citizens from the provinces had conveyed pointed criticism to the Politburo that fluency in Russian as well as the local language was 'an objective necessity and requirement of each citizen'."

The use of Russian as a Soviet national language is a sensitive topic since it arouses resentment of great Russian chauvinism and central rule from Moscow. There are 15 Soviet republics and about 100 different nationalities. Non-Russians account for nearly half the Soviet population of 270 million, and many of them either do not speak Russian or refuse to admit that they do. Resistance to "Russification" is strong in the Baltic republics, Georgia and the Muslim areas of the south.

Echoing remarks by Mr Yuri Andropov in a speech on the 60th anniversary of the Soviet Union last December, the Politburo said that all national cultures should be allowed to flourish and that national languages and literatures had the right to "equal development". Mr Andropov warned against "national arrogance and conceit" in his December speech.



Six die in night express crash

Rescuers sifting through the wreckage of an overnight express train which ploughed into a mudslide at Grosskönigsdorf, near Cologne, yesterday. Six people were killed and 22 seriously injured as the engine and first four coaches of the train, en route to Vienna from Ostend, left the rails.

Emergency services spent more than five hours pulling people from the twisted steel and mud, AP reports.

A German Railways official said the train was travelling at full speed. The mudslide was caused by torrential rain which has hit the region for several days. Two Britons were among the dead.

Grosskönigsdorf, a small town on the Rhine, was under a flood alert at the time of the crash. It was not known whether the train driver had received any warning of the mudslide.

Greeks resist Socialist Bill curtailing right to strike

From Mario Modiano, Athens

A draft Bill severely curtailing the right to strike for about 220,000 Greeks employed in the public sector has triggered a fierce controversy between the Socialist Government and the Opposition, both Conservative and Communist and unleashed a fresh wave of protest strikes.

The restrictions which the Opposition denounced as undemocratic, even totalitarian, were incorporated in a Bill providing for the "socialisation" of all state-controlled enterprises, banks and public

the active participation of the state, the workers, and local government in the management of public enterprises.

He did not go into the details of the provisions on industrial action, but claimed that the Bill inaugurated a new era of harmonious labour relations.

The Opposition criticized the Bill because, in the name of the democratic rule of the majority, it makes it well-nigh impossible for the staff of public enterprises to go on strike.

The decision to strike must be taken by the general meeting of unions and federations by an absolute majority of registered members, otherwise the strike is illegal.

As the Bill was approved by a government majority at parliamentary committee level, several trade unions held emergency meetings and many announced strikes to press the Government to desist, beginning with a 48-hour strike by the country's 35,000 bank employees.

Thirteen public sectors, where industrial action could harm the economy, are affected by the Bill: the state-controlled banks and their insurance subsidiaries, telecommunications and posts, hospitals, land sea and air transport, power, oil refineries, radio and television, harbour services, water supply and sewage.

The Government has been very disturbed by a recent wave of Communist-inspired strikes in public transport and hospitals, and its efforts to defeat them by various judicial means were not always successful.

The Government's move could terminate its amiable truce with the pro-Soviet Communist Party which controls the militant trade unions and feels that the new Bill is designed to neutralize its reactions in case the Government decides to sign the agreement that will allow American military bases to continue operating in Greece.

Contadora tries to defuse powder keg

The foreign ministers of El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica and Nicaragua begin a three-day meeting in Panama City today to defuse mounting tension in their region.

The meeting, organized by the Contadora group, will be seeking ways to avert the outbreak of armed conflict between Nicaragua and Honduras. War is becoming daily more likely as Honduras persists in providing open a military base for the CIA-backed Nicaraguan counter-revolutionaries trying to overthrow their country's left-wing Sandinista Government.

A war between these two countries, many Central American analysts believe, could set off a chain reaction, which the four members of the Contadora group - Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Panama - are desperate to avoid.

From John Carlin, Mexico City

"If the frontiers dividing the Central American countries disappear, I don't think anybody can guarantee that the frontiers of the other Latin American countries, and I don't mean just Mexico and Panama, but farther south, would be respected," Señor Hector Dada, a former Christian Democrat Foreign Minister of El Salvador, said.

The views of Señor Dada, now living in exile, is shared by many other Central American "moderates" in Mexico City.

Committed to what he calls "a national solution" to the Central American problem, Señor Dada is backing the peace-making efforts of the Contadora group as well as calls made by the United Nations, France, Spain, Brazil and Argentina.

However, like many other politicians, diplomats, academics and rebel leaders in the

region, he has grave doubts about the effects of the Contadora effort.

The meagre results of a meeting of the Central American foreign ministers in San Salvador 10 days ago confirmed the shakiness of the Contadora initiative.

● MANAGUA: Nicaragua announced that an invasion force of 1,200 rebels from Honduras had been forced back across the border. Reuter reports. The Defence Ministry said the force was ousted from northern Nueva Segovia province after 95 rebels and 23 Nicaraguan troops had been killed in fighting near the border.

● BONIN: Three West Germans wounded and captured on Thursday in an ambush by anti-Government guerrillas in southern Nicaragua have been freed in Costa Rica, the West German Foreign Ministry said.

Leading article, page 9

Mayor of Boston steps down

From Christopher Thomas
New York

Mr Kevin White, the Mayor of Boston for 16 years, announced on television yesterday that he is giving up office. His explanations were flimsy and the real reason for his departure was not even hinted at.

His term has had many achievements, not least of which is an exciting new central Boston with areas of ground-level charm sitting comfortably alongside the new skyscrapers. But at times it has been an ugly tenure with all manner of badly-conceived and ill-thought-out decisions and even now he is the target of a series of state and federal investigations into his considerable financial affairs.

He filled City Hall, down to the clerks and telephonists, with people who contributed money to his campaigns or worked actively for his reelection. His grip on the city's bureaucracy is total. Seven members of his administration have so far been convicted or indicted for extortion or fraud.

Wreck at the top of the world

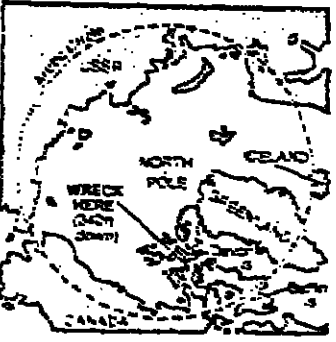
Divers discover explorer's ship under the icecap

From John Best, Ottawa

The wreck of a ship lost on August 12, 1853, while searching for the British explorer Sir John Franklin in the Canadian high Arctic has been located and inspected by divers.

The well-preserved wheel of the three-masted sailing vessel, *Breadalbane*, was put on display at the National Geographic Society in Washington, this week, three weeks after being retrieved from the wreck.

The wheel is now back in



Ottawa where it has reposed, along with pieces of wood and iron from the *Breadalbane*, since the historic discovery. It is in the custody of Canada's preservation unit, being cared for as an archaeological treasure.

The National Geographic Society and the Canadian Government both contributed funds to the expedition which found the *Breadalbane*. The ship lies 340ft under the Arctic icecap 60 miles north of Resolute in Canada's far north. It is believed to be the furthest north that a shipwreck was ever found.

The fascinating story of the discovery was told by Dr Joseph MacInnis of Toronto at the Washington press conference where the wheel was unveiled. Dr MacInnis, a physician and explorer with extensive experience of diving in the Arctic, had been single-



Arctic treasure: Left, the wheel of the *Breadalbane*; centre, an 1853 sketch of the ship; and, right, Sir John Franklin.

mindedly pursuing a search for the *Breadalbane* for many years.

In 1980 he enlisted the help of the Canadian coastguard. A coastguard icebreaker, the *Sir John A. Macdonald*, sighted the ship's final resting place with a sophisticated sonar device.

Two later expeditions organized by Dr MacInnis were foiled by danger-

ous conditions. Another attempt had not been planned until next year, but an exploratory visit to the site in March found conditions just right. Ice was 6ft thick and unbroken.

A scramble ensued to get all the equipment, which had to come from as far away as Aberdeen and Vancouver, in place before the ice shifted.

An ice camp was set up

April 23 and preliminary dives made. The main inspection and retrieval operation was carried out on May 3, 4 and 5 by two divers, Mr Douglas Osborne and Philip Nyttén, after two holes had been cut in the ice: one for the divers, the other for a robot vehicle carrying cameras which photographed every detail of the deep water operation by remote control

from the surface.

Dr MacInnis, who kept in touch with the divers from his surface ice camp, described his feelings when they reached the *Breadalbane*. "It was a terribly emotional experience to reach back through the centuries to feel the spirit of those guys (*Breadalbane's* crew), who I think were the astronauts of their generation", he said.

The wooden-hulled *Breadalbane* went down after being buffeted through by a shifting Arctic ice pack. Her crew of about 20 scrambled to safety across the ice.

Sir John Franklin and his two ships, *Endeavour* and *Terror*, had been lost in 1845 trying to locate the fabled North-West Passage. They have never been found.

Colonial courtesy sets scene for the Williamsburg summit

From Bailey Morris, Williamsburg

President Reagan will open the West's ninth annual economic summit meeting today by greeting heads of state at the opulent governor's palace, official residence of seven royal governors who upheld the power of the Crown in this colonial Virginia city from 1706 to 1776.

With military precision, heads of state will be arriving in reverse order of protocol every 30 minutes in horse-drawn eighteenth century carriages, complete with footmen and coachman in livery.

Billed as "an informal summit", this ninth meeting of Western heads of state will nonetheless have the trappings and formality of an earlier era when Britain's royal governors ruled while revolutionaries fomented in the nearby House of Burgesses.

The revolutionary spirit still exists in some quarters of this restored colonial city whose inhabitants live very much as they did in the 1770s.

The *Virginia Gazette*, the local weekly newspaper, ran a warning in five languages to Mrs Thatcher telling her not to try to regain England's former power. "We make no apology for breaking away from the mother country", the newspaper said.

Heads of state of the seven summit nations and the EEC will spend more time together here than at any previous summit in the historic residences and buildings of Williamsburg where they will be housed in eighteenth century houses in part of the old city on Francis Street.

The leaders will lunch and dine together five times over the Memorial Day weekend, using these private sessions to discuss political issues such as the Middle East, arms control, and East-West relations.

Mrs Thatcher, who is second in order of protocol and arrives

in the afternoon just before President Francois Mitterrand is situated only steps away from the Governor's Palace, the "Chancellery House", a white clapboard house with a steeple roof.

It was here that Colonel John Chiswell, who built it in 1750 for his bride, Elizabeth, hanged himself in order to spare his friend from the unsavoury task of prosecuting him for murder.

President Reagan has prepared for this summit more strenuously than for any other international meeting, according to White House aides, and is taking his role as host seriously.

For six months, Mr Reagan has in effect been going to school. To prepare the President, White House officials organized weekly briefing sessions for Cabinet officials and others well grounded in the difficult and intricate problems which will be discussed, includ-

ing the world's crisis, high interest rates and big budget deficits which may retard economic recovery and growing protectionism and erratic exchange rates.

At a pre-summit briefing, a State Department official said that although the summit will put a big burden on the President, as both host and participant, he is up to the task.

"He's very well organized and quite a good notetaker. I think the past six months have prepared him for anything which might come up" the official said.

Mr Reagan, who has fought for a more personal informal meeting, will be the principal notetaker at the private political sessions and thus responsible for reporting the substance of these talks to the foreign ministers.

Some European officials have expressed grave doubts about

the advisability of heads of state meeting alone to discuss important political questions.

They cited the bitter dispute which erupted in 1962 between Britain and France after disagreements about what actually was decided in a private meeting between Mr Harold Macmillan and President de Gaulle.

At the formal summit sessions on economic matters tomorrow afternoon and on Monday, the heads of state will be joined by their foreign and finance ministers.

Tonight, heads of state will dine at the Governor's Palace which last held a British governor on June 8, 1775, when John Murray, the fourth Earl of Dunmore, hastily left in the night to board a nearby British man-of-war after he became concerned by growing hostility among the colonists.



Guarding the great: Virginia state police being briefed for their four-day stint.

EEC heads for July cash crisis

From Mario Mediano, Athens

Mr Piet Dankert, the Socialist President of the European Parliament, predicted here yesterday that unless the problem of increasing the EEC's financial resources was solved at the Stuttgart summit next month, the Greek presidency of the community in July might run into a full-fledged crisis.

"We are running out of cash," he told a news conference here after talks with Greek leaders on the problems of the EEC presidency, which Greece assumes by rotation for the second half of this year. "This means serious trouble," he said. "If there is no breakthrough during the German presidency, the Greek presidency will have a particularly tricky time."

He was surprised to find that Dr Helmut Kohl, the West German Chancellor, had come out against an increase in contributions. "This indicates a shift of position," he said. There was evidence that the larger countries were insisting on a fair return. This, he said, was creating problems in view of the need to stimulate the economies of the southern member countries.

Duke 'snaps' Queen with space camera

From Christopher Mossey, Stockholm

On a cold, windswept day the Swedish west coast port of Gothenburg, with its functional, modern city centre overlooking a grey North Sea, bears a distinct resemblance to outer space.

So it was perhaps appropriate that this seemingly inconspicuous venue should be chosen yesterday for a meeting between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and American astronaut Dr Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin.

It took place at the Hasselblad camera factory where Dr Aldrin presented the royal couple with a replica of the camera he used on the Moon.

The Duke then used it to take a picture of the Queen, the end product probably ruined by a barrage of flashes as the Swedish press corps recorded the event for posterity, or at least today's editions.

Later, the Royal couple visited nearby Helestad farm for a dressage display by Mrs Yvonne Malmqvist and a demonstration of the art of driving a four-in-hand by Colonel Bengt Blomqvist. One of the four horses, a four-year-old gelding as yet unnamed, was later presented to the Queen on behalf of the Swedish Bloodstock Association. It will be shipped to

England next week. The Queen and the Duke were guests of honour at a banquet held by the municipality in Gothenburg city hall. They visited the city at their own request because of its historic links with Scotland.

After flying back to Stockholm in an Andover of the Queen's Flight, the Royal couple met Björn Borg at a reception on board the royal yacht *Britannia*, after a dinner given in honour of King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden and Queen Silvia.

Today the Queen and the Duke leave Sweden in an RAF VC10.

Begin briefs Peres on Bekaa crisis

From David Bernstein, Jerusalem

Mr Menachem Begin, the Israeli Prime Minister, called in leaders of the Opposition Labour Party yesterday to brief them on the explosive situation between Israel and Syria in the Bekaa valley in Lebanon.

The highly unusual meeting, which was attended by Mr Shimon Peres, the Labour Party chairman, Mr Yitzhak Rabin and Mr Haim Bar-Lev, two former Chiefs of Staff, and Mr Moshe Arens, the Defence Minister, underscored the growing concern in Jerusalem that the rising tension in the Bekaa valley between Syria and Israel continue to strengthen their forces there could lead to a serious conflict.

Israel political and defence officials have been going out of their way over the past 36 hours to emphasize that Israel has no interest in starting a war with Syria, while at the same time issuing warnings that if fighting does break out, Israel could give no assurance that it would remain localized. They have been making it plain that Israel has no intention of being drawn into a costly and inconclusive war of attrition.

Accordingly, the Israeli defence forces have been closely monitoring developments not only in the Bekaa, but also along the Golan Heights front, making certain that should the large-scale Syrian army exercise now taking place between Damascus and the Golan develop into a full-fledged offensive, Israel will not be taken by surprise as it was in October 1973.

Argentina offers 'dirty war' amnesty to 300

From Andrew Thompson, Buenos Aires

Argentina has released the text of a draft law of "national pacification", which concedes an amnesty for some political prisoners and members of the security services involved in criminal acts.

The text, which some political leaders have rejected as an "auto-amnesty", is the Government's second step in an attempt to prevent full court investigations of the responsibilities of the security services in the so-called "dirty war" in the 1970s.

The first move was the publication last month of the "final document on the war against subversion and terrorism", which said that the "disappeared ones" - the thousands of people kidnapped for political reasons - should be considered dead "for legal and

Bulgarians blame CIA for inventing Pope plot

From Roger Boyes, Warsaw

With carefully scripted indignation, a leading Bulgarian official yesterday tried to reassure the Polish and Western press that Sofia had no connection with a plot to kill the Pope, who is due to visit Poland next month.

Mr Boyan Traykov, head of the official Bulgarian news agency, said he thought the US Central Intelligence Agency had orchestrated a campaign against Bulgaria, had influenced the decision to arrest the Bulgarian airline executive, Sergei Antonov, on suspicion of complicity in the plot, and was now trying to distance itself from the affair before "the so-called Bulgarian conspiracy becomes a purely Italian scandal for lack of evidence".

Mr Traykov's news conference, attended by many Polish and East European journalists, came only three weeks before the Pope arrives in Warsaw and seemed designed to soothe any suspicions in Warsaw about the Bulgarian role.

Mr Traykov said there seemed to be three Western motives in pinning the blame for the 1981 assassination attempt on Bulgaria: first, the Western secret services were trying to deflect attention from US missiles being placed in Europe; second, it was part of a broader, anti-socialist crusade launched by President Reagan; and finally it was supposed to destabilize Poland and "create negative feelings in certain parts of the Polish nation against friendly socialist nations".

The main piece of evidence presented by Mr Traykov related to motive. He said the West had alleged that the would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca, was freed from prison with the knowledge of the Bulgarians in November 1979 in order to be trained to kill the Pope, who was supporting Solidarity.

Police defended: General Czeslaw Kiszczak, the Polish Interior Minister, has defended the police against allegations of brutality but accepted that they could make mistakes under pressure and even sometimes commit "acts stemming from ill-will".

Comments made in a speech on Thursday and published yesterday, take on extra significance because of the death of a schoolboy, Grzegorz Przemyk, shortly after his release from police custody.

Walesa questioned: Mr Lech Walesa, leader of the outlawed Solidarity union, reported to police headquarters in Gdansk yesterday for questioning, Reuter reports.

Turks crossed border into Iraq to hit Kurdish separatists

From Rasit Gerdik, Ankara

The Turkish Foreign Ministry confirmed yesterday that "a military operation of limited scope" had been carried out by Turkish troops across the Iraq border. The object had been to pacify the area "which had become one with no peace and security where armed bandits were roaming at will".

The Foreign Ministry spokesman noted: "No resistance was encountered and objectives were completely realized without any losses." It added: "Before anything, Turkey seeks peace and security in its region and has no other aims".

The statement did not make clear whether the Turkish troops - believed to be at least two brigades strong. Some reports even mentioning a force of 40,000 - and withdrew.

The reason for the operation, apparently started on Wednesday evening, was that "certain armed groups, continuously violating the border, have been trying to entrench themselves on Turkish soil, coercing the population, confiscating their property and organizing large-scale smuggling".

The "armed groups of bandits" an obvious reference to Kurdish guerrillas fighting the Baath regime in Iraq and remnants of Kurdish nationalist

milicians whose organizations were crushed in Turkey after the army coup of September 1980, had become bold enough to mount armed attacks against Turkish border patrols, the statement added.

It cited an incident a fortnight ago when a patrol was ambushed. Three Turkish soldiers were killed and two others, as well as an officer, were wounded.

Diplomatic observers here considered that the operation obviously had the consent and full blessing of Iraq, which had been unable to exercise its authority in the region against tens of thousands of well-armed Kurdish separatists.

Two elite Turkish units, a commando brigade based in Bolu, north-western Turkey, and an airborne brigade from the central Turkish town of Kayseri were reliably reported to have taken part. The attack was said to have been launched from the mountainous terrain near the town of Cukurca, in Hakkari province, some 300 miles from here.

As to the extent of their penetration into Iraq, unconfirmed reports vary between 18 and 50 miles, while others mention instructions to carry on the pursuit up to 125 miles if necessary. An Iraqi army corps stationed in the area was reported to have withdrawn further south before the Turkish attack was launched.

Iraq silent: Official Iraqi news media made no comment, Reuter reports. Most of Turkey's eight million Kurds live in south-eastern Turkey. The rest, estimated to number up to 25 million, live mostly in north-west Iran and northern Iraq.

Leading article, page 9

Peace group documents are seized

From Richard Owen, Moscow

Soviet customs officials yesterday confiscated documents from an American member of the Greenham Common women's group, which has just visited Russia, saying they were "damaging to the Soviet state".

The group - Mrs Karman Cudler, Ms Ann Pettit, both from Wales, and Miss Jean McCollister, an American student - left Moscow for London yesterday after a week of talks with Soviet peace officials.

At the airport, officials confiscated Miss McCollister's diary, containing a record of the group's conversations during their visit, and photocopied other documents.

Miss McCollister, who is from Seattle, is a student at Somerville College, Oxford. The Greenham Common group visited Russia in order to prepare a visit to Moscow by a larger delegation of up to 30 women peace campaigners.

Zia hopes to return to the fold

By Henry Stanhope, Diplomatic Correspondent

Soundings are being made in the diplomatic world about the possible return of Pakistan to the Commonwealth after 12 years self-imposed "exile".

But reports of Indian objections are prompting caution, not least in Islamabad, where General Zia-ul-Haq has made clear that he wants his country to return "with honour" only.

The late President, Bhutto, marched Pakistan out of the Commonwealth at the end of 1971, in protest against the recognition of Bangladesh as an independent state after the Indo-Pakistan war. Attempts to bring it back into the fold began soon after General Zia came to power in 1977.

Australia, Canada and Britain, and even Bangladesh, are said to be keen to see Pakistan return and careful lobbying is now under way.

Pakistan has not yet made a formal application to rejoin.

Mugabe visits London

By Our Diplomatic Correspondent

Mr Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, arrived in Britain yesterday for an overnight stop on his return from visiting Eastern Europe.

Senior officials from the Foreign Office were waiting at Heathrow to greet him, but a spokesman said that the visit was private and that there would be no official talks.

Nor were there any plans for him to meet Mr Joshua Nkomo,

his old political rival, who fled to Britain 11 weeks ago, after claiming that his life was in danger. An aide of Mr Nkomo said that as far as he knew a meeting between the two men was unlikely.

The Home Office recently agreed to let Mr Nkomo stay in Britain for a further month after May 12. The Zimbabwean opposition leader has repeatedly said that he plans to return to his country soon.

Nigerians accused of bombing Chad

Nijamena (AFP) - Towns in the Lake Chad region have been under heavy bombardment from Nigerian aircraft since Thursday, according to sources here yesterday.

Three MIG aircraft were said to have bombed the town of Bousso, leaving several dead and wounded and 20 people drowned after their boat was sunk by aircraft fire.

The Chad-Nigerian border, which was closed by the Nigerians after bloody clashes between soldiers of the two states last month, was reported to have been reopened under an agreement between Nijamena and Lagos.

Nine killed in firework blast

Beaton, Tennessee (AP) - An explosion ripped through an illegal fireworks factory at a work farm near here, killing nine people. Witnesses said the explosion could be heard 20 miles away. The blast destroyed the farm.

Japan tidal toll

Noshiro, Japan (AP) - Forty-seven people are known to have died and 55 were still missing after a full day of air and sea searches along coastal areas of north-west Japan, which were devastated by tidal waves on Thursday. The victims included at least 12 children.

Runaway verdict



Walter Polowinski, the 15-year-old boy who ran away from home rather than go back to the Soviet Union with his family, can be returned to his parents' custody if they come to the US to get him, the Illinois Supreme Court ruled. The Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service has, however, issued an order barring the boy's departure from America.

Nile hopes fade

Cairo - Egyptian rescue workers, who have recovered 194 bodies after Wednesday's fire on board a Nile ferry, said there was "little or no hope" of finding 120 people still missing. More than 300 survived.

Campus clash

Hyderabad (AFP) - Three policemen were shot and 120 students were arrested when the police and students clashed at a university in Hyderabad.

Italy on strike

Rome (Reuters) - A general strike by about 15 million employees halted industry and public transport in Italy for four hours. The stoppage was called by the three main trade union groupings.

Call to Soares

Lisbon - President Eanes has formally asked Dr Mario Soares to form the next Portuguese government, after the Socialist election victory a month ago. The delay has been caused by prolonged negotiations to form a coalition.

Bombing blame

Dair es Salaam (AFP) - The African National Congress of South Africa has blamed the "ultra-right wing racist movement" for the bomb explosion in Bloemfontein on Wednesday.

Etna barrier

Catania (Reuters) - A new barrier will be built on the slopes of Mt Etna to try to contain renewed flows of lava. A natural cooling basin, which held the lava for the past 10 days, has collapsed.

Andes killings

Lima (Reuters) - Peruvian security forces killed 26 suspected guerrillas in clashes in the Andean province of Ayacucho, according to military reports. Army casualties are not known.

Loser eaten

New York (AP) - A county sheriff's deputy has been suspended for eating a live mouse after it bit a race in a tavern, where minor races are held once a week. The mouse, had earlier won three races.

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THE ARTS

Television

Spirited splendour

Plays for Today may have run into the sand, but there are heartening signs of life in other sectors of the television drama metropolis. Last night saw the first in a new series of ghostly thrillers from Granada, *The Lady's Maid's Bell*, adapted by Ken Taylor from the story by Edith Wharton.

Did I miss the point, or did the story really end on an inscrutably mysterious note? For those who did not see it, it offered a housemaid's eye view of a tragedy involving an unhappy *grande dame*, her resentfully brutish husband, her nervously refined lover, and the ghost of her devoted ex-maid. I am reliably informed that the husband was the fly in the ointment, but the delicately poised images on the screen seemed to hint at subtler things.

No matter. This was a flawless piece of television, a perfect hour. Under the watchful eye of Glenister's assured direction the tired old paraphernalia of *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Road to Nowhere* came up looking fresh as new. Norma West and Joanna David led the

cast, aristocratic grace opposite

honesty, simplicity, with every

other role given its due weight.

The idea behind David

Clough's *Belles* was equally

substantial. A drag double act

found themselves booked into a

club for genteel oldsters, the

strains in their private relation-

ship interacted with the strains

of the evening until one 'freaked

out' and exacted sadistic re-

venge both on his audience, and

by implication on the hypocrisy

of 'straight' society in general.

Unfortunately, it was just not

dramatic. The characters were

stereotypes: that would have

been acceptable if their interac-

tion had not been equally

predictable, but it did not take

much ingenuity to guess which

way the cat would jump.

Moreover, other cats had

jumped that way before, and in

some cases better: there was a

sense of raw, untreated emotion

being hurled out through the

screen as though the author had

a point to make and would be

damned if anything got in the

way. The script needed cutting;

the photography was excellent.

Michael Church

WEEKEND CHOICE

A hugely diverting edition of *The South Bank Show* (tomorrow, 10.30pm) is devoted to the Czech choreographer Jiří Kylián and his new work *Symphony in D*, danced in fragments and in rehearsal by students at the Royal Ballet School, then totally and on stage by the Nederlands Dans Theater. Judging by this one ballet at any rate, Mr Kylián is a very serious creative artist with a highly developed sense of fun. His jokes are directed from the tradition of classical ballet instead of being merely stuck on (like the *Swan Lake* burlesque in the Barbra Streisand musical *Funny Girl*). The music is Haydn's, played straight. The mockery is all on stage or in the rehearsal room, and it is brilliantly sustained. For the viewer, though certainly not for the dancers, this is the apotheosis of ballet without tears.

It is clear from episode one of the five-part Austrian/German television film of Thomas Mann's novel about an irritating opportunist, *Confessions of Felix Krull: Confidence Man* (tonight, Channel 4,

9.00pm) that much time,

money and talent has been

expended on achieving the right

balance between the visuals

(supercinéma) and the philosophizing

(comical and deadly serious).

The dubbed English voices do

not fit the German lip move-

ments but they do fit the

characters, which means that

the dubbers have at least got

their priorities right.

A noteworthy operatic oc-

casión tonight: the recording of

the Covent Garden production

of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*

goes out not only on BBC 2

(7.30pm) and simultaneously in

stereo on Radio 3 but — for

those lucky enough to be able to

pick it up — on the BBC World

Service too. It is, I believe, the

first triple musical event of its

kind. The BBC 2 transmission

also marks the debut of

Humphrey Burton as a director

of a television version of a

staged opera. And there is

another notable 'first' con-

nected with this production of

Manon Lescaut, Giuseppe Sin-

goli making his conducting

debut in a British opera house.

Peter Davalle

Radio

Gasping for air

Shortly after 6pm on Friday last week, I reported as asked to a cheerful little restaurant in Church Street, Twickenham. The occasion was the twentieth edition of *Any Questions?*, going out live at 6.30 that evening and what should have been a fairly routine event to mark the opening of 'Twickenham Week', had been transformed by the announcement of a general election. Now the implacable rules of balance must apply: if one party is represented, the other two must be as well.

Geoffrey James, producer of *Any Questions?* and his assistant, Annette Clements, emerge from the back of the shop. Gradually the place begins to fill: David Jacobs is there and a producer from *Today* with his wife; then Alan Ashton and Mrs A — he, who normally produces Radio 1's *Newsbeat*, will do the warm-up. But where is the team? I notice Geoffrey paying some attention to the door. At last, at about 6.30, the first performer walks through it: Teddy Taylor, representing the Tories, and he is soon followed by Donald Treford, Editor of *The Observer*.

We sit down to eat. "What if the other two don't show?" I ask. "We shall have to do some quick work on the telephone", says my host.

At 7.30, looking preoccupied, he goes off to the hall accompanied by Annette and Alan Ashton. Fifteen minutes later, when I follow, there is still no Tony Benn, no Shirley Williams. Forty five minutes to go.

David Wade

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LONDON PALLADIUM

Opera

Voices carry the evening

Don Giovanni
Royal Opera House

Covent Garden's current *Don Giovanni* is a cumbersome affair, its heavy scenery obscuring the vital entrances on stage right up to and including the fatal arrival of the stone guest himself. Lumbered with such an unwieldy old pantomime of a production, the house has wisely cast the present revival from vocal strength. There are no weak links in the new team and one or two very strong members indeed for Mozart's *dramma giocoso*.

Samuel Ramey in the title role, for a start, in his first London appearance as *Giovanni*. Physically he is a little slight for the part, so he turns *Giovanni* into more of a gypsy tearaway — shoulder-length curly black locks, golden-carring — than Spanish grandee. But the sense of the predator is there, the menace of the man who challenges all and gives a fig for nobody. Mr Ramey's bass-baritone has been growing in quality and power rapidly over the past few years, as a steady flow of opera sets testifies, and this *Giovanni*, like and dangerous, is conspicuously well sung.

It has taken a long time for Stafford Dean's Leporello, familiar from Glyndebourne, Scottish Opera and any number of European houses, to reach Covent Garden. It arrives a



Samuel Ramey's gypsy tearaway with Kiri Te Kanawa

little below best vocal form — that wait has been excessive — but admirably characterized. Dean's Leporello for this staging is a whey-faced, lank-haired creature, the suspect servant of a very suspect master. The male trio of newcomers is completed by Eberhard Buchner from East Berlin's Staatstheater. His Otavio is cleanly sung within the limitations of his smallish tenor, which he uses with experienced musicianship.

And so, after noting accomplished performances from Roderic Earle (Masetto) and John Tomlinson (Commendatore), to the ladies. Here, all ears were craned to Rosalind Florwright in her first major Mozart

role at Covent Garden, Donna Anna. Miss Florwright has certainly burrowed her way inside this cold creature to portray an auburn neurotic whose chill and staid exterior scarcely conceals the passions bubbling beneath. And that is how Anna should be. Vocally, too, Miss Florwright was pretty close to the part. Insufficient stamata or perhaps a lack of true top notes — the voice seems much stronger at the bottom these days — prevented her doing full justice to "non mi dir", but this was an exciting portrayal. Kiri Te Kanawa has tempered the wild Elvira demanded from her when the production was new, but in Mozart, as in Puccini earlier in

the month, she is careless with her words. Marie McLaughlin remains an ideal Zerlina, pretty, flirtatious and bewitchingly sung. It was a pity Zubin Mehta, the conductor originally scheduled, was not here to take over a cast with a number of thoroughbreds in its midst. His replacement, Rolf Reuter, from East Germany, has too much of the *Kapellmeister* in him. The evening goes to the singers and it is heartening to know that next season, Covent Garden will concentrate on new productions, begged, borrowed and home-grown. There are too many bad old ones about at the moment. John Higgins

Theatre

Bugsy short of mark

Bugsy Malone
Her Majesty's

He's a nice guy, little too popular with the 'broad'. Though he's 14, he only comes up to (at a rough guess) half-way up my chest. The broads attracted by his blue eyes and cute smile, though they wear their cloche hats and Marcel waves as though to the manner born, range from 10 to 15 or so.

They have all been practising their dance like mad for the West End's latest show, for whose singing numbers they invariably mime.

Someone has misconceived a musical out of Alan Parker's hit film, spent a mint on a smashing Ralph Krali set and, as we all know from press reports, combed the right age group with a Herod-like thoroughness for auditions.

So many kids go to dance classes; but who does dialogue? Anyone who remembers the film as witty may be interested to see how flat, in this show, pseudo-wisecracks fall without adult expertise. ("Blouse Brown" asks the hero, "Sounds like a stale loaf of bread.")

The kids are mostly very small, regardless of age, which gradually robs the struggle of Fat Sam's good guys against the dreaded spurs run that constitutes Dandy Dan's secret weapon, of any connection it may once have had with

gangland massacres, and reduces the final shoot-out to the level of a Christmas party.

While I was glad to be spared the desperate professional enery that New York babes and sucklings would have brought to it, that was probably what it needed.

Surprisingly, even the character parts do not take off, excepting Lee Ross (Fat Sam), who, at least 12, seems confidently set on a career of roly-poly bullies, and Gail McLean (Tullulah) whose vampish confidence and dancing bravura downstage only have their effect slightly blunted by the unknowing smile that shows her age.

Paul Williams's songs are few, pleasant, and instantly forgettable.

I cannot speak for next week's cast, but Jeremy Gilley's tiny blonde Bugsy, dwarfed by his fawn felt hat, and his nightclub heroine (Joise Waller), with the profile of a Peggy Ashcroft Juliet, do what charm can to dominate London's second musical house.

So does little black Fizzy (Scott Sherrin, only 10), who spends most of the evening cleaning Mr Krali's set and grabs his solo dancing spot with a heartfelt excitement that makes you wish you could hear a voice from one of the performances on stage.

Anthony Masters

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THE TIMES DIARY

Falklands salvo

The events which the opinion polls suggest are giving the electorate the confidence to re-elect Margaret Thatcher continue to cause alarm and despondency in academic and diplomatic circles. In the latest issue of *The Round Table*, Sir Cyril Pickard, former High Commissioner in Pakistan and Nigeria, maintains that: "The Falklands crisis has undermined our confidence in the Government's capacity to follow a consistent national policy in our foreign relations." Sir Cyril argues that foreign policy has been subordinated to domestic political considerations; that after years of consistent ministerial rejection of a Fortress Falklands policy, that is now the policy to which the Government is committed; and doubts whether the policy can hold. "We sailed a few bomb fuses away from disaster in the Falklands," writes Sir Cyril. "In other fields risks of this magnitude could be the prelude not to Exocet but a nuclear holocaust."

Paper profit?

At their Sunday summit, called on the presumption that Labour's campaign is falling apart, the Alliance will still have one or two details to pull together themselves. Like how much to charge for their manifesto, for example. Buy it from the SDP shop in the basement of the National Liberal Club and it costs 75p. Liberal Publications Department on the first floor sells it for 50p.

Lip service

The presentable young woman who got into all the papers yesterday planning a big kiss on Michael Foot should be warned. In Rio de Janeiro police have taken to interrogating Jose Alves Moura, nicknamed The Kisser, when important people come to town. The Kisser's mission is to kiss as many important people as possible. His last conquest was the Governor of Rio, on the day he took office. Moura's greatest ambition is to kiss Queen Elizabeth, but he spent last Wednesday in the care of the Department of Special Investigations - to stop him kissing the King of Spain.

BARRY FANTONI



I've got some top-secret government documents that reveal Michael Foot is leader of the Labour Party

Barren ground

Two of radio's most popular programmes are at war. The Eddie Grundy Fan Club of Archers addicts is organizing a boycott of *Woman's Hour* next month. The ill will is over a piece called *The Rise and Rise of Eddie Grundy* prepared by a trainee producer and offered to *Woman's Hour* to coincide with the fans' National Eddie Day. *Woman's Hour* said they liked the presentation but were "sick and tired of Eddie Grundy." Hence the boycott which the Eddie fans say "will really hit the programme and should produce an apology."

Going West

Christie's will auction the books, paintings and furniture left by Dame Rebecca West, who died in March. The sales, mostly in October and November, will be a major event in the auctioneers' calendar, for during her long and much-travelled life West, who turned film actress in her nineteenth year for *Reds*, amassed a huge library and considerable collection of furniture, French, Viennese and Russian. The paintings, mostly modern British and French impressionist, include several Duflys and a Gainsborough drawing. Christie's will not speculate yet on the total value.

Holy war

Urged to produce a computer game program with a religious theme by his father, who is general editor for the United Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and its children's magazine, *Orbit*, 10-year-old Tam Richmond quickly complied. It is based on Luke 19, 1-9. Tam explained: "Zacchaeus was a little man. He climbed a tree to see Jesus. The graphics you see are the tree. The moving blob is Zacchaeus. Suddenly he loses his grip and falls. See if you can shoot him before he hits the ground!"

The Company of Veteran Motorists, whose V-sign badge has proclaimed good roadmanship in Britain for 50 years, has changed its name to Guild of Experienced Motorists, because, they say: "To young motorists, the word 'veteran' no longer retains its true definition of experience. As with veteran cars, to them it simply means 'old'."

PHS

Renaissance English, Manhattan flash

Last week the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the "Renaissance at Sutton Place" exhibition in the sixteenth century mansion near Guildford in Surrey. This was the triumphant culmination of a year's active promotion of this new cultural centre. Enthusiastic articles have appeared in almost every newspaper and glossy magazine extolling the taste and munificence of Stanley J. Seeger, the American millionaire who has established and endowed the Sutton Place Heritage Trust. Rather less press coverage has been given to the recent public inquiry about unauthorized alterations to this listed historic building. This inquiry begs questions which have yet to be answered about the quality of and the motive behind the venture.

The Sutton Place Heritage Trust was launched in June 1982, when a press release announced that Sutton Place "is experiencing a new renaissance that recaptures its former sixteenth century glory as a centre of social and cultural influence." The glittering list of trustees includes Henry Moore, Sir Peter Scott, and Dame Margot Fonteyne, and a programme of cultural events has been organized under the direction of the executive trustee, Roger Chubb, who formerly ran Sotheby's new design branch in Torquay. At the centre of the enterprise is Mr Seeger's own art collection, which has been installed in the house.

Sutton Place had been sold in 1980, four years after the death of J. Paul Getty, who had bought it from the Duke of Sutherland in 1959. The sum of £8m was paid for the house and its 1,000 acres by the Eagle Trust and Management Company, who bought it from Anglo-Texas property, formerly the Sutton Place Property Co. About 330 acres and the house were leased to Mr Seeger, who then established the Heritage Trust. Meanwhile another 68 acres were sold to Messrs Sainsbury for £5m to build a superstore outside Guildford and more land may be sold for housing, which suggests that the Sutton Place venture is not pure cultural philanthropy. Nor could it be, for huge sums have already been spent there.

Most has been spent on the new landscape garden which is undoubtedly the most impressive and most successful achievement at Sutton Place since 1980. This was designed by Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, and is gardening on an eighteenth century scale unparalleled in twentieth century Britain. Huge amounts of earth have been moved to create a lake and, nearer the house, walls, hedges, urns and ponds have been disposed with wonderful ambition

and subtlety. A surrealist walk through a wood ends with an extraordinary wall by Ben Nicholson and there is a Miro pool. All of this enhances the character of the old house.

The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the work carried out within Sutton Place itself. The house was built by Sir Richard Weston in the 1520s. The exterior is particularly beautiful because of the combination of weathered pink brick with the rare ornamental terracotta used for the windows. Because it was lived in by the recusant Weston family for four centuries, Sutton Place remained remarkably unspoilt with, as in the most interesting houses, each century leaving a contribution. Naturally the present owner wished to leave his mark, but this seems to have involved eliminating much of the work of earlier occupants and has been done with markedly less sensitivity. In the great hall, panelling has been removed and a sixteenth century chimney piece replaced by another from elsewhere. Victorian heraldic stained glass has been taken from the staircase.

The Getty legacy is similarly belittled. The famous pay-telephones installed by that mean multi-millionaire have gone, although they would have been an entertaining relic, and Mr Chubb pours scorn on the glass-fibre ceilings installed by Getty. These are, in fact, perfectly elegant, harmonious and convincing in style, which cannot be said for the self-consciously avant-garde redecoration carried out since 1980. Walls have been painted white while a seventeenth century staircase panelling has been decked out in pink, grey and blue. Not even the interior decorators employed by the National Trust have ever dared treat an historic house so cavalierly.

Sutton Place is, naturally, a listed historic building and alterations to listed buildings require planning permission. This, for certain works, the trust's architects neglected to secure. The recent public inquiry, which has yet to report, occurred because Working District Council bravely challenged the painting and removal of panelling and the removal of the stained glass. The council also opposed the displacement of one of the original terracotta windows to allow for a temporary fire escape. This was brave because they were faced by an intimidating phalanx of expert witnesses drawn from the trustees: Sir Roy Strong, Lord Norwich and Sir Hugh Casson. Sir Hugh's presence at the inquiry was not unexpected, for it is his firm, Casson, Conder & Partners, that has carried out the alterations in

From the outside, Sutton Place, J. Paul Getty's Surrey home, looks very much as it did 400 years ago. Inside, the new occupant is making changes which have the support of leaders of the artistic establishment. Gavin Stamp takes a more critical view



Sixteenth century panelling, twentieth century decor.

the house. The essential purpose of these has been to accommodate Mr Seeger's art collection, which is apparently valued at £25m. Loyd Grossman in *Harpers & Queen* described this collection as "major" and "stunning in its breadth and quality." Others may possibly disagree. The odd Monet, Van Gogh, Bacon, Picasso and Hockney seems overwhelmed by a mass of 1950s contemporary painting plus an admixture of African and pre-Colombian tribal art.

To sustain the impression that Sutton Place is still a private house, many paintings are displayed in rooms with thick pile carpets and walls lined with tactile corduroy. The result is not a modern treatment which might complement an old English country house but something which recalls a New York apartment, recently done up and furnished by a fashionable interior decorator for prestige publication in the *Architectural Digest*.

This is all a matter of taste of course, but questions remain - apart from wondering what sort of person will pay £50 a ticket to come to this stockbroker belt answer to Glyndebourne. The first is: who is Stanley J. Seeger? American millionaires seem to feel obliged to become collectors but Mr Seeger takes it further than most. His name does not appear in any of the standard American reference books and the BBC found that the file on him was missing from *The New York Times* records. Some reports say he is from Wisconsin, others from Texas. We presume the fortune comes from oil. Mr Seeger does not live at Sutton

Place. Instead he has installed Mr Chubb, as the chief executive of the trust, to live in one wing in, we presume, solitary grandeur, assisted by the staff of 60. It must be a wonderful job to have. We are left to assume that, for tax reasons, Mr Seeger has to spend most of his time on his yacht in the Mediterranean. Yet Mr Seeger has recently bought a flat in London in the building overlooking St James's Park designed by Sir Denys Lasdun and this is being done up by Patrick Gwynne, another vintage modernist.

Why did Mr Seeger set up the Sutton Place Heritage Trust in the first place and to what extent, and for how long, is he prepared to subsidize what is evidently a non-profit making enterprise? And what is the financial connexion between the trust, Mr Seeger and the company which bought the whole Sutton Place estate in 1980? All these questions were asked at the opening press conference last year and secured no direct answers.

Perhaps such cynical questions are out of place. Sutton Place has found a new use which is not a drain on public funds; the landscape and grounds are beautiful and the events there will give pleasure to those who can afford them. For the very rich to secure social prestige through art and munificence is an old, honourable and valuable practice, while in the US, thanks to advantageous tax laws, cultural ventures like the Sutton Place Heritage Trust are common; but it is somewhat rare to find such an expensive and confident combination of old and new in modern England.

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Fair winds for Williamsburg

JUNE 24 83

Jock
Bruce-Gardyne

Intrusion into private grief is properly deplored and commentaries on public humiliation - I speak from small experience - are not much less de trop. And

Michael Foot is, by common consent, the most civilized, cultivated, kindly and amusing boss the Labour Party has had in years. Moreover, the calamity at present afflicting his campaign is in large part the legacy of the way his party had been run by his two immediate predecessors. Yet one of them cannot miss a chance to drop another pot of paint on his successor's head. Michael Foot must be sorely tempted to repeat to Jim Callaghan Hilaire Belloc's advice to Lord Lundy's grandiose butler, who was cautioned "not to play the old realist night and day."

Politicians in a general election campaign live in dread of thunderbolts. The Tories back in 1964 thought that they were sunk by the revelation of an £800m balance of payments deficit (which needless to say, was largely revised away by subsequent recalculations). Harold Wilson blamed his fall in 1970 on a bunch of bought-in jumbo jets which queered the trade returns in mid-campaign. In February 1974 the hapless Campbell Adamson, then Director-General of the CBI, was supposed to have blown the election for Ted Heath by an off-the-cuff complaint about the Industrial Relations Act of 1971.

In retrospect it seems wildly improbable that any of these unexpected pratfalls made much difference to the outcome of the campaigns in which they featured. And so, I suspect, it is this time. True, neither Alec Douglas-Home in 1964, nor Harold Wilson in 1970, nor Ted Heath in 1974 had to undergo the experience of having his principal party organizer announce in mid-campaign that his campaign committee had just identified him as party leader. But two days before Jim Mortimer's obliging clarification - and 24 hours before Sunny Jim saw fit to put the boot in - I was told a woeful tale of Labour canvassers in a solid north London constituency having doors slammed in their faces with the cry, "You're nothing but a bunch of Commies!"

What has been rather special about Labour's predicament is that it is entirely of their own devising. Over defence, as over so many other aspects of their policy, they tried to build a bridge of verbiage, in this case between the scrap-all neutralism of their national executive and the reluctance of Denis Healey to face the charge of planning to go "naked into the conference chamber."

Not, of course, that Healey was worried about the possibility of having to eat his words but he ever to reach the Foreign Office - his digestion is made of sterner stuff than that. His worry was that the

average shopfloor voters would be turned off in droves. When those farns proved amply justified as soon as canvassing began, then naturally he tried to rewrite the manifesto - only to come up against the awkward fact that his leader is a unilateralist who genuinely believes in it.

I know the feeling. In October 1974 I was met, at doorstep after doorstep, with the bleak response, "We're not wanting back to a three-day week." In desperation I signalled headquarters for an unambiguous statement that a Tory government would not embark upon another kamikaze battle with the unions. It was not forthcoming, since that was not at all how the events of early 1974 were seen on high. Come polling day my majority vanished down the plughole.

So who is to be the beneficiary of this everyday story of militant folk? By rights it ought to be the Social Democrats. Shirley Williams claims she knows it. Judging by the opinion polls she's whistling in the dark. There is no sign as yet of lift-off for the Jenkins heavier-than-air machine.

The trouble with the "Alliance" is not, I suspect, as we are often told, that there have no policies - they have plenty. Their trouble is those policies seem so out of date as to be virtually irrelevant. They hanker for a return to the heyday of Butskellism. Mrs Thatcher's message, throughout her first premiership, has been that that was tried and tried and ultimately found wanting - and she has won that argument.

So she departs for Williamsburg with the opposing troops at home apparently in terminal disarray. Her electoral prospects could carry one clear message to her partners, and first and foremost to her host: it would be vastly to the advantage of all of us that she should.

The message is this. If Britain today is better placed than almost any other participant at the summit to enjoy a period of both sustainable recovery and more stable prices - as we are - then that is very largely because in 1981 Geoffrey Howe was brave enough to cut his Budget deficit even at the cost of raising taxes.

If that is the message that comes through at Williamsburg, the Prime Minister could be forgiven for repeating - more or less - the claim of William Pitt the Younger, that Britain, having saved herself by her exertions, will save the West by her example.

The author, *Economic Secretary to the Treasury*, was Conservative MP for Knutsford. He is not seeking reelection.

Monday: Barbara Castle

Paul Pickering

Sorry, Hector, you must stay inside

Hector the talking raven of London Zoo tried yet again to murder the penguin in the next cage with his long beak, and laughed diabolically. Despite my marathon sponsorship, making him the richest raven in England, he is still displaying the psychopathic traits which had him banished from the Tower of London, where he had happily waged war on American tourists.

"Perhaps you should get him a psychiatrist to put him back on the straight-and-narrow," suggested a friend. Hector doubled up and nearly fell off his perch.

But it was an idea with possibilities. Like former public enemies Jimmy Boyle and John McVicar, a reformed Hector might one day hop free through the gates of Regent's Park and become the subject of a Channel 4 documentary. The new Darling of Hammersmith intellectual, he would probably get his own column in a left-wing magazine and dine on steak tartare in the Gay Hussar with former Labour ministers.

So I decided to sound out my old tutor, Dr Uli Weidmann, a distinguished animal behaviourist who now teaches at the University of Leicester's psychology department; the very place that used to mark McVicar's social science essays when he was incarcerated. Hector's problem, thought Uli, could be sexual.

"He will be more aggressive at this time of year because of the male hormone flooding the bloodstream," he said. But, according to his keeper, all Hector ever does is talk to his girlfriend Doris and nothing else. "Even if he does not actually mate he will still be territorial if people try to interfere with him," added Uli. It seems I have a sexually repressed raven on my hands.

"One of my students is doing a thesis at the moment which shows that it is not the strongest mallard drake which gets the mate, it is the most beautiful. The female rates the male on beauty," said Dr Weidmann. Perhaps Hector should improve his appearance with a bow tie. Ravens, have always been conservative dressers.

"Hand-reared birds like Hector tend to have no fear, and if they get angry they might attack. A wild bird does not do that. It is very unusual for a wild bird to get vicious," added Dr Weidmann. Yet, though he has calmed many a deviant duck, could not offer much hope.

At the Hawk Trust, which is also interested in other birds of prey, Mr John Richmond sympathized. "It is

not a curious request," he said. "We had a phone call the other day from a chap worried that his kestrel had changed sex. We were able to reassure him. Personally I think Dr Russell Coope of Birmingham University is your man; he's a bit of a specialist with these birds of prey."

But Dr Coope said: "From what I have heard about Hector he sounds to be incorrigible. Once they have a personality trait like this built in they will never be trustworthy. I should keep well away. You can't hit a bird with a rolled-up newspaper as you would a dog."

Anyone trying to hit Hector with a copy of *The Times* would become a grim statistic in the next day's paper. Even a broom, his keepers say, is not good protection.

"If you were to punish a raven he would just become more cunning," said Dr Coope. "They are highly intelligent and like to see that their antics are getting a response. I had a jay once who found that if he flew after people they would wave their arms about. If they didn't panic and run away he got bored and left them alone."

"Ravens have great memories. In Hector's case he might have been injured or insulted in some way, and he would remember an injury or insult. They are the brightest of birds, more intelligent than parrots, and love to tease people."

"A raven I knew made a pouch in a perch bound round with sacking and used to take money from people and put it in the pouch. A few like Hector do develop bad habits: one raven I saw used a hammer at ladies' painted toenails when it was fashionable to have shoes with open toes."

"But these are the exception." Dr Coope emphasized. "Ravens have had a bad press through the ages, being regarded as birds of ill omen. The best way to see them is in the wild doing acrobatics. They are one of the few birds to turn upside down just for the joy of it."

"Unfortunately Hector is one of the exceptions and should remain in protective custody."

But when I went to see Hector to tell him that he faced a lot more "bird" he just cocked his head on one side like Jack Nicholson in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and said "Hello, I'm Hector," in his most cheerful voice. Bonkers he may be, but since publicity has brought a steady stream of fans to his cage he is happy as a lark, though he confides that he would still like his own chat show.

Did Bernard Levin let Wilson in?

Mike Randall, former editor of the Daily Mail, recalls the column that may have tipped the balance in the 1964 election



Emmwood's election-day cartoon in the Daily Mail, October 15, 1964

reject any article in its entirety. It is, however, agreed that this right shall never be exercised capriciously or unreasonably, and its possible exercise will in every such case (if any) be discussed first with Bernard Levin, provided the latter is both available and sober. Newspapers shall make every effort to get in touch with him and he shall make every effort to become sober if he is not."

On June 29, 1964, the first Levin column appeared, with this opening paragraph: "These have been vintage days for students of lunacy. In Southern Rhodesia an African demonstrator who threw stones at a police dog was promptly shot dead, thus indicating that someone had taken rather too literally Madame Roland's celebrated dictum: 'The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs'."

Students of the fantastic were also about to gather vintage material. Came the general election and Bernard asked if he could write four consecutive columns, the first three to be examinations of Tory, Labour and Liberal policies and personalities, the fourth to be published on polling morning and to be a personal explanation of why Bernard Levin would vote Tory/Labour/Liberal.

On the morning of Thursday,

Rothermere went to the table, picked up the envelope, looked at it and strode back to Hammond saying: "This is for you," and left the room.

Hammond opened the letter which was, indeed, addressed to him in Rothermere's handwriting. It said: "The letter said: 'Dear H. For the first time in the history of Associated Newspapers a member of the editorial staff has given his political opinions in the columns of the Daily Mail without the consent or even the knowledge of the proprietor. Such an event is intolerable and demands the resignation of everyone concerned in the matter. I would remind you that when I saw the editor of the Daily Mail in the Board room in your presence I told him that the Daily Mail had to support the Tories not only in the leading article but also throughout the newspaper. My instructions have been flouted and I am not prepared to tolerate such action. Yours sincerely, R.'"

By the time Hammond had digested the letter and decided on a policy of silence, Rothermere returned and the two sat down to lunch. No mention of the letter was made during the meal. Nor was the matter raised until the next evening, shortly before Hammond was due to drive back to London. As he was about to take his leave he said to Rothermere: "That letter, shall I deal with it in my way?" "Yes," said Rothermere - and that was all he said. Hammond's way was to send for me and tell me not to do it again.

We can only guess at Rothermere's motive for the letter. His instructions had not included, and could not include, a columnist who had the right to express his own opinions. Possibly somebody had convinced Rothermere that but for Bernard Levin and the Mail, Harold Wilson would not have scraped through to No 10.

Surviving the incident, I felt more secure in the editorial chair. How wrong I was was another story. The author was editor of the Daily Mail 1963-66.

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دکتران الفیصل



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THIS LEARNING BUSINESS

No British Secretary of State could conceivably face the kind of spectacle recently presented to M. Alain Savary, the reforming education minister in the Mitterrand government. There is in our institutions of higher education ("university" is the qualifying adjective in the Conservative Party's manifesto) a solidity among both staff and students that will always deflect the passions which produced the latest events in Paris and provincial French cities. Yet a concomitant of British academic quietude is a disappointing passivism: why have not dons and students been more angry as, over the past three years, both government and University Grants Committee have pursued a policy of not entirely justifiable cuts in spending and student numbers?

There has been a stoic acceptance of higher education policy as given by ministers and a Department of Education and Science whose senior men are still by no means convinced that all the academic "fat" has been stripped away. This attitude goes hand in hand with a disarming conservatism - for example, about the shape of degree courses, the length of long vacations, the amateurism of academic management - shared by staff, students and the employers who give them jobs on the strength of their degrees.

Aspects of the universities' conservatism are of course valuable: they exist in part to conserve and transmit knowledge. It is to their credit that during the period of great expansion after Lord Robbins's report they were able to sustain high standards and pass them to the newly-created institutions.

But in another sense they were too conservative, expanding without breaking from the old framework of three-year honours degrees, fully grant-aided students, unmethodical research,

unrestricted tenure and expensive autonomy - which still prevents universities barely miles apart from cooperating over libraries and joint courses. As generations of well-educated Scots will testify there is no God-given virtue in highly-specialized three-year honours degrees.

On the campuses there is all too evident an attitude akin to that of the ninth-century clerics who withdrew to the monasteries to keep the flames of scholarship alight during the dark ages - as now symbolized by spending cuts and an unsympathetic government. In fact responsible ministers, Sir Keith Joseph himself, and Mr William Waldegrave, have indicated that after the financial turmoil there must now be a period of stability; the Prime Minister, an enthusiast for scientific research, might yet be prevailed on to agree that the nation's research and development capacity depends on the general health of the universities and polytechnics. But the corollary of some stability in university financing must not be stasis but change in tenure arrangements, in retirements, in faculty organization, in the division between teaching and research, in the inflow of "new blood" in the disciplines.

What is needed is not some rewrite of Lord Robbins's report of twenty years ago, but a sequence of experiments: what university will have the courage to respond to Sir Keith's recent imaginative proposal for an experiment in university budgeting? The great merit of the final report of the Leverhulme programme of study into the future of higher education, published yesterday, lies in its tentativeness. It proposes certain changes in the rules of the game (for example on tenure where it wisely says the existing employment protection rules would form a strong barrier against intellectual persecution) and invites response to a set of

proposals, to be adopted in part or by individual institutions.

This is altogether a praiseworthy effort, paid for by Leverhulme money and conducted by Professor Gareth Williams of Lancaster University with commendable awareness of the boundary between higher education and the economy. The contribution of such men as Sir Adrian Cadbury is worthwhile for its own sake and also to scotch any suggestion that corporate Britain can afford not to care about what goes on in the colleges.

Leverhulme's suggestions are many, and will repay study by the new men coming in at the head of the UGC and the DES as well as those ministers taking up their seals after June 10th. The headlines have been captured by the proposal for a two-year degree course plus a two-year limit on student grants, but as important as the report's emphasis on professionalizing university management, separating budgets for teaching and research and creating some academic body external to the universities to monitor standards and academic competence. The latter proposal has a bureaucratic ring about it, but must appeal to anyone who has ever picked up the compendium of research in the social sciences.

The Leverhulme report rejoices in the diversity of universities and colleges and even in the sometimes uncomfortable overlap between the universities and the polytechnics. It is thus no document for a British Alain Savary (next Thursday looks unlikely to produce any candidate for the role). It speaks instead to those academics who might be tempted to retreat into their specialisms for the duration: its remedy for excessive specialization by undergraduates deserves consideration by all who are concerned by the course of economic life for the rest of this decade and into the 1990s.

NOBODY'S KURDS

By two actions this week the Turkish authorities have drawn attention to a problem which they usually like to keep as far out of the limelight as possible - to the point sometimes of denying its existence. On Tuesday the mass trial of 574 Kurdish separatists, which had been going on in Diyarbakir for two years and a month, concluded with thirty-five death sentences, twenty-eight life sentences (ten of them commuted to a mere twenty-four years because those convicted were minors at the time of the crime), 333 other prison sentences ranging from three to thirty-six years, and 178 acquittals. On Thursday, in a move also clearly directed against Kurdish militants, two brigades of Turkish troops penetrated about twenty miles into Iraqi territory.

There may be no direct connection between the two events. The militants condemned in Diyarbakir belonged to the Kurdish Workers' Party (PKK), a group seeking to set up an independent Kurdish state in what is now eastern Turkey. Those who were pursued into Iraq could also be Turkish citizens but could equally well be members of one or other of the Iraqi Kurdish groups who are fighting for autonomy against the Baghdad regime, but often also fighting each other. Such inter-Kurdish fights have been known to spill over into Turkey before. The Turkish government understandably does not like

that, especially when, as happened on May 10, three Turkish soldiers were killed, and three wounded by gunmen, believed to have been Kurds firing from the Iraqi side of the border.

Why would Iraqi Kurds be firing on Turkish soldiers? Without more information it is impossible to say. They could have been involved in arms smuggling, or just about any other sort of smuggling, and the soldiers might have been pursuing them across the frontier. Alternatively they might have been pursuing their local enemies across the frontier and the Turkish troops might have got in the crossfire. Or they might not have been Iraqi Kurds at all, but Turkish Kurds trying to take refuge in Iraq.

Whatever the background, the use of Turkish troops on such a scale in cross-border operations must be embarrassing for the Iraqi government. At very least it draws attention to the inability of that government to assert its own authority in the mountainous regions of Iraqi Kurdistan. At worst, it will reawaken old irredentist passions on the Turkish side, and corresponding fears on the Iraqi side, with a mixture of hopes and fears among the Kurds.

Neither Turks nor Kurds have forgotten, or ever fully accepted, the incorporation into Iraq of the Ottoman province of Mosul, whose population was predominantly Kurdish with a large

Turkish-speaking minority, by an act of British imperial power. The Turks argue that under the terms of their National Pact it should have been part of Turkey.

Last year an article in the *New Statesman*, alleging the existence of a Turco-Arabian plot to seize northern Iraq, aroused great interest and anxiety in the Arab world. Such a notion seems extremely far-fetched, given the amicable co-operation existing between the Turkish and Iraqi governments, and it is most unlikely that what happened this week has anything to do with such a plan. But it does remind us that some hitherto unthinkable things might become thinkable in the event of a complete collapse of central government in Iraq.

A reunited Kurdistan certainly comes into the category of the unthinkable for the moment, and an independent one even more so. In Turkey the authorities have set their face not only against independence but against any form of autonomy and even against the Kurdish language, the use of which in public has become a finable offence. To discourage separatism is one thing. To deny the national aspiration of eight million people is another. It can be done for a time by force so long as the population is backward, ignorant and tribal. It cannot be done indefinitely in a country which aspires to be seen as a European democracy.

UNDERCOVER: OVERDONE

Mr William Casey, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and Mr Thomas Enders Assistant Secretary State for Inter-American affairs, have been reported as having told Congressional committees in secret hearing that there was a prospect that anti-Sandinista "contras" with "covert" US support, might overthrow the Nicaraguan government before the end of the year. Later, an ABC *Washington Post* poll revealed that six out of seven Americans were opposed to such US involvement. Six out of seven Americans may well be right.

The previously stated aim of this part of United States policy was to interrupt the flow of arms from Nicaragua to El Salvador through its effectiveness to that end is doubtful. Congress was assured that it was not designed to bring down the Nicaraguan government or to cause a war between Nicaragua and Honduras. Despite later denials, it now appears that the earlier limited ambitions are giving way to higher stakes in a more dangerous game. This provokes both scepticism and alarm.

Do such operations have a chance of overthrowing the Sandinistas? A combination of former Somoza troops from Honduras of Miskito Indians

from the Atlantic coast and Edean Pastora and other dissident Sandinistas from Costa Rica do not look promising material for a well-co-ordinated "pincer movement". The Sandinista government may not be universally popular or competent, but it is materially and psychologically prepared to face attacks.

Many of its members and supporters fought Somosa. And though not entirely isolated, they are by no means wholly reliant on Cuba, let alone the Soviet Union, to come to their material aid. A quick victory against them does not look probable.

The result of escalating harassment, leading to invasion look more like being these: a radicalisation of the Sandinista government, a greatly increased risk of regional war in Central America, starting with a conflict between Nicaragua and Honduras but not stopping there, and no swift end to death and destruction in El Salvador or in Latin America, "covert" activity on the large scale required - and United States rhetoric makes all such activity, the more visible - will be universally repudiated as unjustifiable intervention in breach of the regional order the United States ostensibly supports. It will weaken Nato by

strengthening anti-American feeling in Europe, and provide fine propaganda for the Soviet Union. It is unlikely to produce a "stable" central America of viable client states, and may therefore involve the United States in prolonged and costly distractions in a region where its genuine strategic interests could be better protected by other lines of policy.

The United States deployed 200 ships to blockade Cuba in 1962, it would be better now not to raise the stakes as it was then, but to limit the damage before that stage is reached. One of the difficulties about achieving a reduction in tension is that much of the American debate about Central America is now not so much about Central America, but more about the domestic party struggle and considerations of global prestige in the context of the East-West argument.

Nobody wants to send combat troops, a consensus that makes current policy the more understandable. The Administration appears to seek total victory using a variety of surrogates and diplomatically put it alone. Failing that, it wishes to put the blame on Congress. It is unlikely to succeed with either aim.

High wages and unemployment

From Lord Harris of High Cross

Sir, Mr Peter Shore looked unusually pleased with himself on television last night when he said that there was nothing to do with unemployment. His "proof" was to say that if low wages helped then African and Asian workers would be fully employed.

But even the most shadowy of shadow chancellors should be able to grasp that wage comparisons can be sensibly made only in terms of cost per unit of output. If trade unions had not spent decades keeping output down, British wages could be higher without pricing our workers out of employment.

Anyway, how does Mr Shore square his view with the Labour manifesto which promises "employment subsidies to firms linked to agreements with them to preserve and create jobs"? Why would employers be needing subsidies if labour costs per unit of output were not too high?

The unescapable truth is that almost everything British trade union leaders have done has helped to inflate labour costs and so to depress employment prospects. Having spent half their time restricting efficiency, they have devoted the other half to forcing up labour costs. This they have done directly through unrealistic wage demands, and indirectly by pressing for socialist policies that have burdened employers with non-wage costs, including rates, taxes and other costs of complying with multiplying statutory obligations.

Having willed the means, they cannot now escape blame for the resulting unemployment. Since the Law Pay Unit is no more than a trade union device, it is not surprising it is playing the same game. But so long as it insists on trying to price more workers out of jobs, we should think of it as the No Pay Unit.

Yours faithfully,
RALPH HARRIS,
General Director,
Institute of Economic Affairs,
2 Lord North Street,
Westminster, SW1.
May 25.

A change of tune

From Mr Martin Knapp

Sir, Can there be anything more incongruous than the singing of "Abide with me" before a Cup Final? There must be many for whom the words of this splendid hymn bring a very special message of comfort and strengthened faith. They must find it almost blasphemous that what is part of their religious experience immediately precedes the kicking of a football crowd and has become an integral part of the annual ritual.

The singers, I suspect, are happy to bathe together in a warm sea of schmalz. Might not one of the more popular sentimental Victorian ballads be just as effective, just as relevant and run no risk of offending those who regard the verses of H. F. Lyte with some degree of reverence?

Yours sincerely,
MARTIN KNAPP,
12 King's Barn,
Ashington,
Totnes, Devon.

Liberal food policy

From Mr W. A. N. Jones

Sir, Mr David Steel is certainly right to raise the question of the cost of the British shopping basket but he is unlikely to reduce the cost of food to the British consumer. The Liberal Party, regrettably, has abandoned its historic commitment to the principle that taxes should not be levied on food imported into Britain.

Under the Common Agricultural Policy of the EEC heavy import duties are levied on many foodstuffs and the importation of some foods is virtually prohibited (cheese from New Zealand, for example). The EEC levy on wheat imports doubles the price of the wheat consumed in Britain. We are back in the old days of the pre-Cobden corn laws with a vengeance.

The CAP is a major factor in forcing up the cost of living to consumers everywhere in Britain and the EEC. It greatly reduces our ability to produce goods at competitive prices. It is a direct cause of much of the present high unemployment. It is a handicap to any British government trying to solve the problems of the 1980s.

Yours faithfully,
NEWTON JONES, Chairman,
W. H. Jones and Co (London) Ltd,
Tower House,
17 Oakleigh Park North,
Whetstone, N20.

Reporting Lebanon war

From Mr Gai Eaton

Sir, You have come in for some flak on account of your recent leader ("Friends beyond the need," (May 19)) and, with becoming modesty, seem to have refrained from publishing the letters of approval which you must surely have received. The voice of British Jewry had been heard, loud and clear, but I believe it is time to take note of the fact that there are between three and four times as many Muslims in this country as there are Jews.

The Muslims are no less sensitive to criticism and certainly feel no less strongly on this issue. If their views seldom find expression in your correspondence columns this is, I suspect, largely due to the fact that they have not yet learned to express their anger in the urbane and superficially "moderate" tone required.

Nevertheless, Muslims and Jews have to live together in this country, and the anger and sense of injustice which I see building up in the Muslim community on account of the over-representative of Jewish opinion in the press does not augur well for the future. The mildest criticism of Israel provokes a

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Economic agenda for Williamsburg

From Mr Sydney Shenton

Sir, In view of the possible influence on the outcome of the election it is to be hoped the Prime Minister may be persuaded to be somewhat more ambitious in her approach to what can be achieved from the economic summit conference. Whilst there is every reason to understand the limited expectations Mrs Thatcher and her team have expressed, they must surely be aware that the biggest threat to the long awaited recovery is the desperately feeble state of world demand and the financial problems giving rise to such weakness in the developing nations.

Mr Heath has perhaps asked for too much in calling for the Prime Minister to urge upon President Reagan measures necessary to bring about an expansion of the world economy. Trade liberalization becomes much easier once recovery is firmly under way, but the objective is correctly discerned. There are still many more limited and practical measures that our team can sponsor at Williamsburg and which we should be seen to be advocating.

President Mitterrand's appeal for some fixed exchange rate system is unlikely to be attainable, but much can be done to obtain a far greater degree of currency rate stability using the IMF for example. The chairman of Lloyds Bank has tabled several useful mechanistic and procedural changes which should be generally acceptable. Other steps should be of help to the developing

world with commodity price stabilization, loan restructuring and technological collaboration.

In a separate field the appropriate encouragement for President Reagan in some reduction of his vast and troublesome budget deficit. This could ensure the progressive and long awaited essential interest rate reduction at home.

It will be right and proper for our urging upon the conference pursuance of programmes of inflation reduction and financial rectitude, and we can well be pleased with our continued success. The myth however that as inflation falls all else will follow is utterly and completely exploded, and we must cease now in such over emphasis both at home and abroad.

The Government has been perversely unaware that British industry for some time has had available first-class competitive products, just no one to buy them. Management of manufacturing industry realize full well that just as hard an effort to obtain the benefits of recovery must be made as has been applied to survival. They, and the nation, are entitled to expect some similar exceptional efforts with some concrete results from Williamsburg.

Yours faithfully,
SYDNEY SHENTON,
95 The Crescent,
Davenport,
Stockport,
Cheshire.
May 20.

Calke Abbey's future

From Mr A. M. Alexander

Sir, I have read with interest your article (May 23) in relation to the difficulties surrounding the offer to the Nation of Calke Abbey which you have published under the headline "Funds threat to historic homes".

Being involved in the negotiations with the various government departments in connection with this offer I am bound to say that the difficulties which may emerge seem to be, not so much the availability of public funds to enable this property to be handed over to the nation, but the question of the actual will of the Government to have the property taken into public ownership. As your reporter made clear, Calke Abbey, its contents and sufficient agricultural land to provide an adequate endowment fund were offered by the trustees in lieu of tax.

The Government indicated that whilst it would be prepared to accept the Abbey and its contents in lieu of tax, they could not accept the endowment fund. This despite the fact that, but for technical reasons because the property is held in trust, the deceased both before and after his death could have put the endowment fund into a maintenance fund - which has been actively encouraged by successive governments since 1976 - and achieved total tax exemption on his death.

Effectively, therefore, by accept-

ing the house and its contents, but denying the National Trust the funds to support it, the Government is showing a quite different face when dealing with the actual herbage situation, from when dealing with the academic principles, where lip-service is being paid to the importance of the preservation of the herbage.

This is not a case when the Government is being asked to expend funds of its own, but a case where the owner of this important house and its contents is asking to settle his bills to the Nation, by handing over the house and an endowment fund to keep it, in lieu of tax. This from a desire to preserve our heritage, which it was confidently believed was the like aim of the Government.

Unless there is a change of heart, the result in this particular case, and no doubt in others in the future, must be the break up of collections of particular importance in the context of our history, and the export of our greatest treasures.

If the Government is really serious about its wish to preserve the herbage, with Calke Abbey they have an opportunity, at no cost to themselves, to give a token of good faith of their intentions.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. ALEXANDER,
Roya Barfield, (Solicitor),
2 Crane Court, EC4,
May 23.

A brother's death

From Lady Willoughby de Eresby

Sir, May I seek the hospitality of your column to deal with a matter of private concern but also, your readers may agree, of some public concern.

On the night of Monday, August 19, 1963 my brother Timothy, aged 27, drowned in the Mediterranean. He and a friend had planned to cross from Cap d'Antibes to Calvi by moonlight and they arrived in the South of France on the 18th. The Mistral which was blowing subsided, and, ignoring repeated warnings that it could recommence, they left on the evening of the 19th in a small Chriscraft quite unsuited to rough seas and were never seen or heard of again.

The violence of the storm that night destroyed a number of boats anchored off the coast, drowning their occupants. An air and sea search was mounted by both the French and Italian police but no

trace was ever found. Our doctor kindly joined me in the search and wrote a detailed report of the investigation.

My brother's death devastated my parents who never fully recovered from it. During their remaining years great distress was caused by the continuing and baseless speculation in sections of the press that my brother was still alive, but as he was in fact dead no legal action could be taken.

The most recent article appeared within two days of my father's burial in April and its contents dishonoured his memory as well as my brother's. I hope that this simple statement of the facts will dispose of further speculation or rumour and allow my brother to rest in peace.

Yours faithfully,
JANEWILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY,
Grimshope,
Bourne,
Lincolnshire.
May 23.

Sound and fury

From Mr Richard Macrory

Sir, As Andrew Green rightly points out (May 25), the law does indeed lay down strict standards for the noise emitted by the motor vehicles when being ridden. The real problem with the controls is that the regulations go on to prescribe a procedure for measuring noise levels so complex that the Noise Advisory Council was led to describe it as "presenting insurmountable difficulties" for enforcement.

That was over 10 years ago, and the regulations remain unchanged. It seems a pity that the law could not be amended with the same evident sense of purpose that led to the disbanding of the Noise Advisory Council in 1981.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD MACRORY,
Centre for Environmental
Technology,
Imperial College of Science and
Technology,
48 Prince's Gardens, SW7.
May 25.

Manifestos and electoral law

From Mr Charles Rowlett

Sir, A paradox has emerged in this election. The undecided voters want to read the Party manifestos, but are obstructed by the electoral laws.

These booklets cost a significant sum to produce. Lawyers advise that if distributed by constituency parties, their value should be included in the election expenses of the local candidate. These expenses are limited by statute to a level that would allow only one manifesto for every seven voters (at a unit cost of 50p in a metropolitan constituency of 60,000) and no other campaign expense would be allowed. There could be no posters, no pamphlets, no halls. In effect, candidates are prevented from presenting their detailed platform to the electorate.

Central parties, with no limit to their expenses, are reduced to selling the manifesto direct to voters, or resorting to the vagaries of commercial outlets. The first requires massive resources, and the second is prone to bias.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES ROWLETT,
10 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.
May 25.

Election issues in NI

From Mr Enoch Powell, Official

Unionist Party candidate for South

Dublin.

Sir, In your "John Bull's Other Election" (Leader, May 25) you complain that the election here will not be fought under the same party labels on the same party issues as on the mainland. That is not our fault.

As long as the actions of Government and Parliament continue to cast doubt upon our future status as part of this Kingdom, the question of the Union itself has to take precedence over all others. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ENOCH POWELL,
Unionist Election Headquarters,
Newcastle,
Co Down.
May 27.

Devolution and SNP

From Mr G. A. Fisher

Sir, Lord Home of the Hirsel really should try to remember the facts (your report, May 26). Particularly is this true when the facts, as on the previous occasion of Canon Collins (Letters, May 9, 14 and 18) are about himself.

It was Lord Home himself, in February 1979, who intervened in the referendum debate to say that Scots should vote "No" because the Tories, he promised, would bring in a better Bill when returned to power. True, the Scots rejected his advice and 52 per cent of the votes cast were in favour; this failed to bring devolution because of the remarkable 40 per cent rule (which had been rejected by a majority of Scottish MPs).

But to say four years later, with no devolution Bill from Lord Home's friends to carry out his promise, that devolution cannot happen while the SNP has independence in its policy; these are weasel words. The SNP has always had independence as its main policy, and it was so in February, 1979. That didn't stop Lord Home promising a better devolution Bill then, and it forms a totally inadequate excuse now for a broken pledge.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. FISHER, Chairman,
Scottish National Party,
Devonport House,
6 Claygate Road, W13.
May 25.

Striking an attitude

From The Right Reverend F. H. West

Sir, Mrs Daphne Fitton Brown asks (May 25) "Would anyone, use the word 'headmaster' to designate a character in the public eye?" The answer is yes. Archbishop Lord Fisher was often so described on account of his manner and methods when he was Primate of all England. Yours etc,
FRANK WEST,
11 Castle Street,
Aldbourne,
Marlborough,
Wiltshire.
May 25.

Tied in knots?

From Mr J. M. Dutton

Sir, Sir Charles Mott-Radcliffe suggests today (May 25) that Lord Irwin was wearing a wrong tie in *Gandhi*. Contrariwise, another Viceroy portrayed in the film appeared to be correctly dressed in this respect. Lord Chelmsford (as he later became), who was the Viceroy at the time of the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre, was indeed an Old Wykehamist; it was just bad luck that the particular pattern of the tie which he sported was not introduced until the 1950s.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. DUTTON,
Cockhurst,
Tynrells Wood,
Leatherhead, Surrey.

Racing fixture

From Mr Paul S. Butler

Sir, I was delighted to read your headline "India to fit Exocets to Jaguars" (*The Times*, May 16). Having spent the past 10 years grappling with the often maniacal driving habits of our European partners as well as, in recent weeks, attempting to cross frontiers blocked by enraged French farmers, I should be grateful to learn whether these missiles can also be fitted to my Mercedes, thereby providing the ultimate deterrent.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL S. BUTLER,
13 Am Bourret,
Rumeldange,
Grand Duchy of Luxembourg,
May 17.



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THE TIMES 28 MAY-3 JUNE 1983

Sandals, swimming togs and suntan lotion may be enough for some. Not for Philip Howard, for whom only a good book can relieve the boredom of the beach. But how to choose it? Can P. G. Wodehouse singlehandedly combat the tedious terrors of Torremolinos? Herewith some tips for trendies, hints for hedonists, wrinkles for workmen, and simple thoughts for intellectuals

How to book a holiday

Holidays can be hell. Since they have become a national institution, a national right, and almost a national religion, we expect too much of them. We start planning them in January, gloating over the polystyrene prose in the travel supplements. The annual expedition to Corfu, or Devon, or Benidorm, is going to change everything, bring new romance and zing into our lives, make us new people. In fact what it usually does is give us sunburn, heartburn, hangover, *taedium vitae*, and some blurred snapshots of bodies on a beach as proof to somebody (ourselves?) that we really had a smashing time on holiday. (Parenthesis: somebody ought to write a monograph on the lunacy of holiday photography. If it is pretty pictures that you want, the highly coloured local postcards are always better. But what we want is pictures of ourselves to prove that we have performed the annual rite of passage to nowhere successfully once again.)

This is not a new thought, though the zeal for holidays is more fanatical than it has ever been. Voltaire defined holidays in his *Philosophical Dictionary* as: "Certain days set apart by the church to be spent in holy idleness, which is favourable to piety". The safest way of passing such days is to sit and yawn your head off. As in so many others of the little disturbances of life, the cure for holiday boredom is reading. They say that holidays are the thing, but give me a good book every time.

The question is, what? Let others fuss about Ambre Solaire, the Alka Seltzer and the snapshots, and golden Yanni who teaches the girls water-skiing. The most important survival kit for any holiday is an adequate supply of the right

books. There are various approaches to the matter. One school of book-worms holds that one should read something completely different from what one reads for the rest of the year. For example, the clergyman should take thud-and-blunder thrillers, the politician moral philosophy, the journalist poetry (the Metaphysicals, I think), the harassed housewife with small children the *Bhagavad Gita*, the banker highly coloured historical romances. We might call this approach to holiday reading the Lydisas school, tomorrow to fresh books and authors new. Its most conspicuous exponent is my friend Erich Segal, who during the working year is a professional classicist specializing in ancient comedy, particularly Plautus, and on holiday reads, and indeed writes, romances such as *Love Story*.

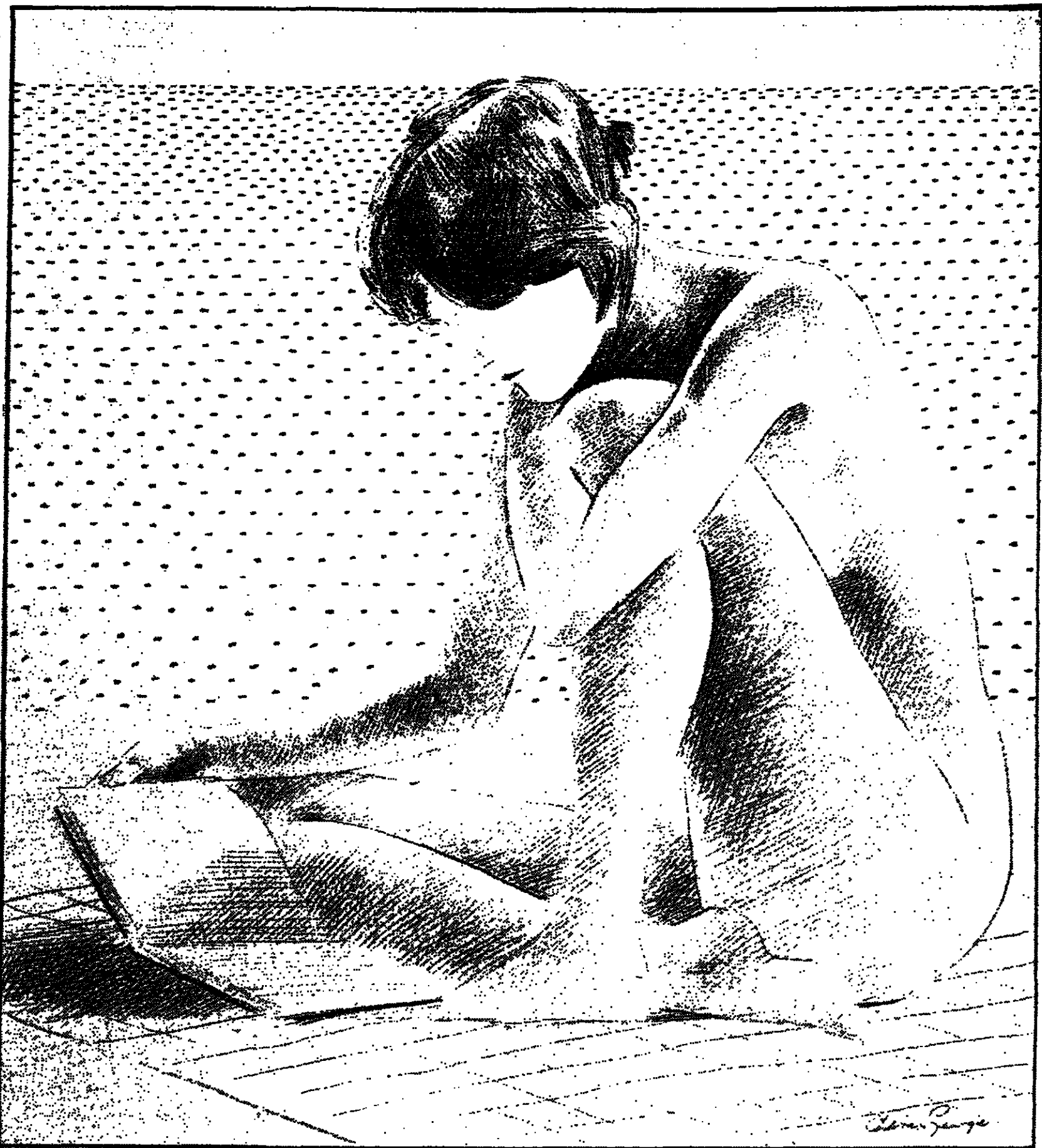
Another approach to holiday reading is the self-improvement or Emile Coué sect: every holiday in every way I read something that is going to make me a better and a wiser person. Such a holiday reader sets himself or herself some great literary or intellectual project. This summer I am going to read the *Iliad* of Homer in three days, or get to grips with the Russian novelists, or understand Einstein, or find out whether there is anything other than flatulent jargon in sociology. I dare say that this instinct derives from childhood memories of holiday tasks.

We all of us have black holes in our reading, even the best-read of us. Holidays are a good time to get rid of them. I incline to this sect myself. Last summer I read Gibbon. What will it be this summer? How about *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*? Or the works of George Eliot? Can one tackle Kant again? Or should it be another heroic assault on the mist-covered

battlements of Structuralism? To the barricades, Levi-Strauss and Chomsky.

I had one of the last of the old-fashioned gent's classical educations, which was magnificent but possibly a little narrow. I remember a parent complaining to the Sixth Form Greek master that it was possible for a boy to spend five years at the Old Coll without having read a word of Shakespeare or Dickens other than passages that he had been invited to translate into Greek or Latin prose. Latin elegiacs or lyrics, Greek iambics, or, if he was good, for a change, Greek lyrics. Dear R.C.M. replied with the refined elitism of Plato: "The boys can read all that in the holidays." The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. There are gaps in our reading, and we shall fill some of them this summer.

Another school of holiday readers, the Richard Babley or King Charles's Head school, always reads the same old favourite book on holiday. I have a friend who, when reading for pleasure rather than business, says that he never needs anything other than the works of P. G. Wodehouse; and, indeed, he has a point. The Mr Dick syndrome can affect Literary Editors in their daily avalanche of new books. It is sometimes tempting to say that enough good books have been published to keep us reading until we are called to the Heavenly Carrel by the Great Librarian in the Sky, and that we need no more new books, only the familiar old ones. It is unadventurous though. And it is a pitiful abdication from life not to read the books written by one's contemporaries. We are missing something important about being alive in 1983 if we do not read the poetry and fiction, the history and philosophy, the drama and biography



being written by the brightest and best of our fellow-readers. The opposite of the Mr Dick or "Who needs anything other than Wodehouse?" school is the Neophilic approach to holiday reading, which wants to read the latest and trendiest and top of the best-seller list (whatever that means). Journalists, who work in a neophilic trade, incline to this school. It is, of course, as silly as the other schools when carried to ex-

trêmes as a policy for reading. The book that is the lead review in all the heavies this week can be quite boring and forgotten next week. The only motive for reading it may be to swank about it at literary cocktail parties, which is a wet and wimpy reason. Best-seller lists are, by definition, inaccurate, guess-work, old-boy-network, misleading, and deeply boring. Anybody who is stampeded like a

Gadarene Swine into reading a book because it appears on some spurious best-seller list somewhere is an idiot. All bookish people have all these instincts in some degree. We all have an urge to branch out into some completely new genre, previously hidden from us. Perhaps this summer I can find something in Science Fiction that I can enjoy and not find silly. We all have the Coué urge to self-improvement, in-

creasing our knowledge and wiping out the black holes. We all have our old familiar favourites, with which we are at ease. From Wodehouse to Dante. We all have the Neophilic urge to read the latest book and see what all the fuss is about. The consequence of this, I suppose, that we should take on holiday something old and something new, something completely different and some-

thing intellectually demanding, something entertaining and something improving, some poetry and some fiction, some classics and some frivolities. Even if we can find them all in paperback this is going to make the canvas sausage suitcase intolerably heavy. I dare say it would be as easy to take one's holiday at home in one's familiar arm-chair, and a great deal more comfortable than all that nasty foreign travel.

Mann or Murdoch? Why not take...

A suitcase packed with old and new

I am not sure that there is a lot of point in advising other people what books to take on holiday. One man's meat is another man's poison. One woman's Jane Austen is another woman's Barbara Cartland. You must find your own holiday reading, my dear. But, for what it is worth, here is a list of those I should take of the books published so far this year, if I had room enough in the suitcase, and time enough to read after building sand-castles with Jamie.

A very strong year so far for your higher (or whatever inadequate epithet you choose: "serious"? "intelligent"? "fiction") I must read the new Iris Murdoch. *The Philosopher's Pupil*, and the new John Updike. *Beck is Back*. I have read the latest William Trevor. *Fools of Fortune*, a beautiful and terrible love story about the Anglo-Irish connexion, but I should be pleased to read it again on holiday. I like the sound of *Jumping the Queue*, a first novel by Mary Wesley. I can live without *Deadeye Dick* by Kurt Vonnegut, and Gore Vidal's *Duluth* sounds an antidote to holiday pleasure. Anita Brookner's *Look At Me*, about an intelligent woman on her own, sounds as clever and subtle as her previous two; which means that it is up near the top of the First Division.

As an exotic curiosity I commend to your attention *A Coin in Nine Hands* by Marguerite Yourcenar, which was originally written in 1934 by the Grand Lady of French Literature, but has been extensively revised. It is formally about a pathetic attempt to assassinate Mussolini in Rome, but, being by Yourcenar, it is also a novel of heroism, a meditation on love, and a garden of Gallic symbolism.

Then there is the new D. M. Thomas. *Ararat*, by all accounts a complicated and ambitious tangle of stories within stories. Our reviewer found it powerful in parts and distasteful in other parts. I must try it. It would be a shame to miss the successor to *The White Hotel*. Lisa St Aubin de Teran's second novel, *The Slow Train to Milan*, I read, enjoyed, and commend as holiday reading. There is not a lot of what you could call plot, but it is a finely written novel of atmosphere and feelings.

Conveniently for holiday readers, in February the Book Marketing Council ran one of its promotional wheezes, with the absurd concept of the 20 best young British novelists: a value judgment over which no two readers in the United Kingdom are going to agree. But it had two merits. It sold a lot of good novels to people who would not otherwise have bought them. And it means that the books of some of our brightest and best young novelists are available in paperback for carrying to some crowded beach that is forever England.

You can take your pick from Will Boyd's *A Good Man in Africa* to Andrew Wilson's *Who Was Oswald Fish?* and be sure of finding something to please you, depending on your idiosyncrasy and tastes. "Providence sees to it that no man gets 'happiness out of crime'", so wrote Vittorio Alfieri in his famous study out of *Orestes*. Possibly so, Alfieri; but you cannot have been thinking of crime fiction, which gives many people great happiness on holiday. The big book in crime this year so far has been *The Little Drummer Girl* by John le Carré, though he will not thank us for typecasting it as crime. Writers like le Carré write nearly as seriously about human motives and the human con-

dition as do writers like Iris Murdoch and William Trevor. The new le Carré has a characteristically intricate plot not about Smiley and the Circus this time, but about the secret war between Israeli and Palestinian secret services. I have always found le Carré's women, except for grotesques on the edge of things, like Connie, less convincing characters than his men. The heroine of *The Little Drummer Girl* is a pretty wimpy English actress, but the book is as clever and gripping as usual, though you will need to keep your wits and your memory about you, as in reading Frost. Talking of whom, Penguin publish this month in three volumes Terence Kilmarin's translation of *A La Recherche*, which could keep you happily reading on a sunny beach or by a midgeswept loch for at least a day to two.

Or, of other recent crime. I covet for my own reading the new Michael Innes. *Appleby and Honeybath*, and *The Old Vengeful* by Anthony Price, whose plots always have a key in the past, on this occasion in the Napoleonic Wars. One should never go on holiday, or indeed anywhere, without some poetry. But one's choice of poetry is more personal even than one's choice of fiction, and other men's recommendations are likely to be even more useless than they are for the other options of life. I suspect also that in poetry one goes back to one's old favourites more than in other branches of literature. Nevertheless, with that resounding qualification in mind, I fancy for holiday Paul Verlaine's *Femmes/Hommes* Englished by Alistair Elliot; George Barker's new collection *Anno Domini*; and Peter Porter's *Collected Poems*; all published earlier this year. I should

like to take *The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse*, to see what it means and how they have defined it. And for something strange, unfashionable and romantic, I like the sound of *The Arthurian Poems of Charles Williams*. Apart from that I shall take the new Penguin Classic translation of Horace's *Odes and Epodes*, and I dare say other old favourites, including Horace's original versions. And what about the heavy stuff, then, Mr Howard: what about non-fiction? Is this going to be the summer for Rousseau or Thomas Mann, for Cardinal Newman or for the new maths? Well, since you ask, I think I should like to take the *Siegfried Sassoon Diaries* to read alongside his *War Poems*. I have already read the latest volume of the *Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters*, the longest-running literary correspondence in the history of letter-writing, and can commend them to those who want an elegant, undemanding read: a sort of Nigel Dempster gossip column for the literate, but without the malice. This volume deals with the events c. 1960 and slips by without pain. I am tempted by two other volumes of letters recently published, between Bernard Shaw and Alfred Douglas, and between Shaw again and Frank Harris. But other men's letters don't really count as a proper book. We should be writing our own.

Back to fiction, and I must make room for Stephen Vizintzov's *An Innocent Millionaire*, a black treasure hunt for the intelligencia. And I have still got to make room for Dickens and Shakespeare and Tacitus and other old friends. For that section you must pick your own.

More summer books on pages 2 and 3

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Faber Paperback £3.95



At home in the country of Agatha Christie

First published in 1911, *Small Country Houses of Today*, edited by Lawrence Weaver (Antique Collectors' Club, £17.50) takes you straight to the heart of Agatha Christie Land. Or that is the immediate impression. These surely are the very residences of her prosperous and not very imaginative middle class - the Colonel, the Bank Manager, the Retired Indian Civil Servant, the Doctor, the Imaginary Invalid, the Widow with a Past.

One house is singled out as having a "man's room" (not what Americans call a "men's room") for callers one wouldn't wish to admit to the rest of the house - just the place for seeing creditors, revenants and blackmailers. There is even a touch of Tony Perelli, Edgar Wallace's music-loving gangster in *On the Spot*, about the Birmingham villa specially designed to accommodate an amateur organist.

They are not, however, the kind of houses Poirot cared for. Comfortable? No doubt. But also unbearably fussy. It is just as if a number of these capable architects, otherwise perfectly respectable, had got together to see which could produce at once the most trivial and the most self-assertive design.

Not for them the unpretentious but satisfying simplicity of, say, an early eighteenth-century farmhouse (roughly the same size as many of these particular Edwardian concoctions), agreeable even when taken from a pattern book, as most of them probably were.

The Industrial Revolution had intervened. Now it was Arts and Crafts time. The revolt against the machine-made was at its height, and it was to be some time before there arrived the conception of the house as a machine for living.

Meanwhile there was a well-meant but sentimental preoccupation with detail, with the superiority of objects made by



COUNTRY HOUSES

Jan Stephens

hand (of course by people who had a gift for it), the exploitation in unsuitable circumstances of forms admired in ancient cottages, and the rather higgledy-piggledy combination of a number of unlikely elements to make "such a pretty house".

Emerging from Agatha Christie Land we come upon some real houses, and it is reassuring to find that Weaver, too, has his reservations. Medieval ideas are too remote from modern life to be a lasting inspiration, except in the proper use of materials: "We are moving in the direction of another eighteenth century". Sure enough, there are some excellently formal buildings, besides a spirited, idiosyncratic one by Lutyens.

It may be observed that not all architects of the time had such complacent clients or were so fortunate in their builders. I know a large house in Buckinghamshire built in 1901 for a new and virtuous baronet. He was particularly fond of a certain hill, and caused the whole plan to be swung to the south-east in order that he might feast on the view.

For each house recorded by Weaver he adds photographs of the outside from various aspects and of some of the rooms. He notices with approval the revival of the ancient "house-plant" - a central living room also used as a dining room which has again come into fashion. He pays attention to staircases and fireplaces. There

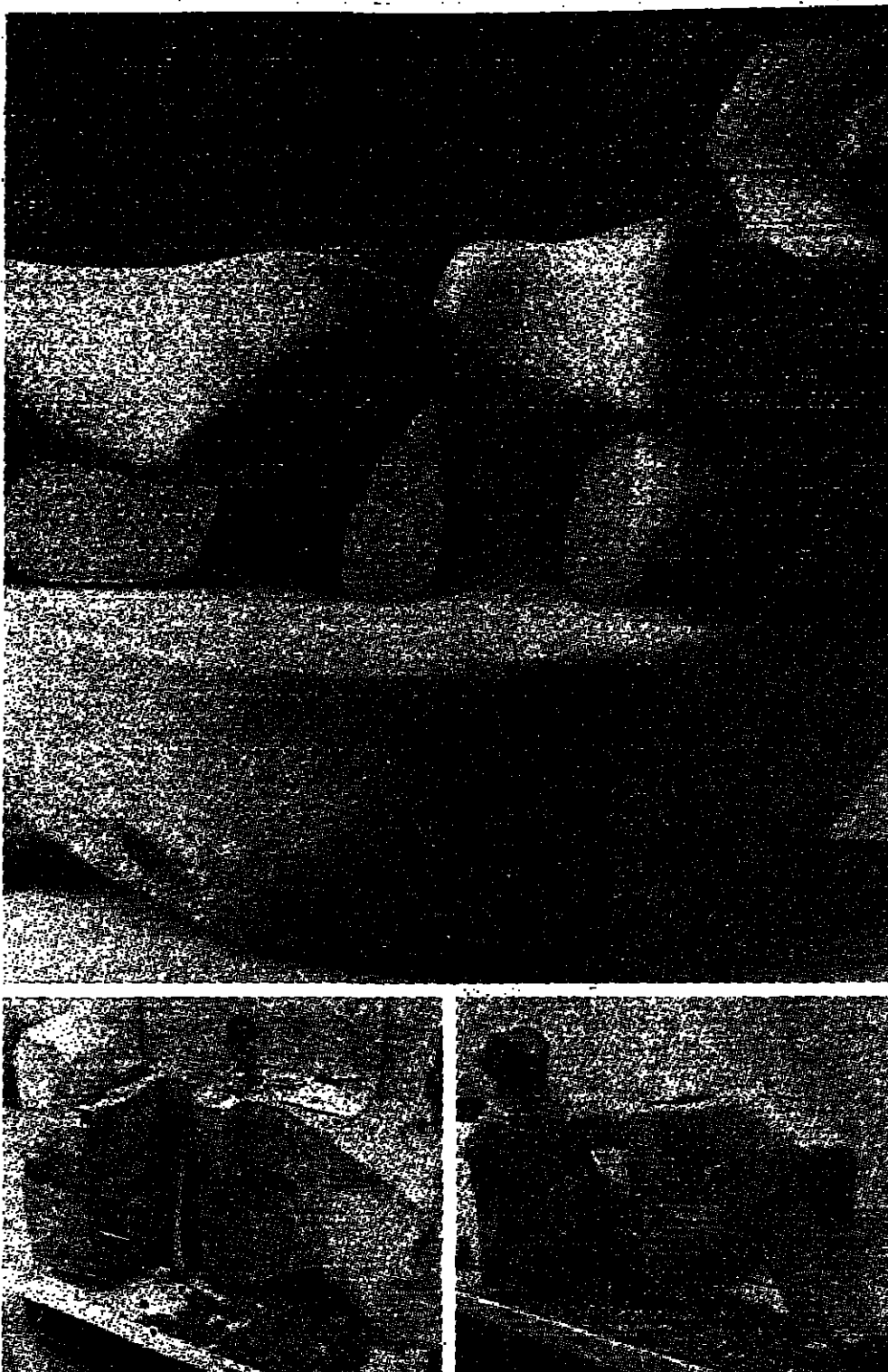
are also ground plans and often itemized costs.

The Edwardian purchaser seems to have had good value for his money. The house with the "man's room" mentioned above also contained three sitting rooms and five bedrooms and cost less than £2,000. A thatched cottage in Wales, which "though it has three sitting rooms of adequate size, yet it may rightly be called small, as it was designed for a lady with one servant, and has only four bedrooms", cost under £800.

At the price of the Lutyens house we can only guess. A handsome one at Wimbledon, practically a mansion, in 1903 cost £5,080. Compare these prices with the £56,000 that may be asked and obtained today for one of a row of 20-year-old bungalows that seemed to me expensive at their original prices of under £4,000. Yet in the 1930s money would occasionally go farther than before the First World War.

Early in the decade friends of mine, seeking to economize, sold their much-loved family home, but found instead a tolerable substitute in Norfolk. This consisted of a striking Georgian Gothic "cottage" with three or four sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, stables and lodge, together with 20 acres of parkland for... £3,000. Of course it still required what we now call a "staff" of four to run it, so that opportunities to economize were limited.

As late as 1953, if you kept your eyes open, you could find almost unbelievable bargains. Thus an advertisement in *The Times* might (and did) lead to a beautiful and unspoiled early Georgian farmhouse containing three sitting rooms, four or five bedrooms and such delights as a spiral staircase to the attic, together with an acre and a half of land for £2,500. It was loved at first sight with me, and I've never stopped loving it.



Reclining Figure: Holes (top) and (below) in preparation, included in the latest volume of the complete catalogue of Henry Moore's work: 1974-1980 (Lund Humphries, £17.50)

Soothing face of a savage thriller

Crime writing has two faces. Or rather backside. There are the spreading hips of the cosy, and there are the lean buttocks of the hunter. An example of the cosy is *Puppet for a Corpse* by Dorothy Simpson (Michael Joseph, £7.95), a whodunit in the fine tradition of the puzzle game, if with more of real human dilemmas in it than, say, most of Agatha Christie.

William McIlvanney's *The Papers of Tony Veitch* (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95) takes us to the underworld of Glasgow where rumours of a fine haul to be made effectively stir the muck and bring into thoughtful action once again the eponymous detective of his first thriller, *Laidlaw*. And it is in the character of Laidlaw that perhaps the secret of the strength of the attraction of the book lies. He blends at once the tough and the aware, even the sensitive.

So we get all the frisson of adventure, making our way not through jungles but, as hazardous, through "Glasgow on a Friday night, the city of the stars", but still have the comfort of knowing that for us the stars will not be followed by the knee in the crotch and that the motive behind the stars will be laid out for our understanding. To us softies what could be more agreeable?

Yet a suspicion half-raises itself in my mind: is this combination of the tough and the sensitive a true fusion or is it simply a successful temporary combination like oil and vinegar in a dressing? Here is an example (a down-and-out is talking): "See that Sigmund Freud? Ah coulda learned him about people". It's a good one. It says something about Glasgow (and, incidentally, it exemplifies McIlvanney's skill in transliterating the patois) but isn't it a tiny bit of a fraud itself? Or is it? Sometimes I think I detect a similar sleight-of-hand in Raymond Chandler, a faint falsity, a hint of poeticizing. But for most people Chandler works. And I find no difficulty in bracketing McIl-



H. R. F. Keating

vanney's tale of treachery and revenge in the Scottish city with Chandler's tales of corruption and brutality in Los Angeles.

Nat Hentoff's *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (Constable, £6.95) is set in Greenwich Village, New York, perhaps not the city's toughest area, but quite tough enough thank you. It recounts a few days in the existence of a local precinct detective, Green, and neither lives nor property are safe in it for one minute. We get, in fact, a clear-eyed view of a murky world, and this straight setting down of the unpalatable facts is its great virtue.

It is all told, too, in splendidly demotic dialog that is fast-moving and real-feeling, if plimply with obscenities. I enjoyed it a lot as I read. The trick worked. It is, paradoxically, fine entertainment. Fine, and safe.

The Back of the North Wind, by

Nicolas Freeling (Heinemann, £7.95).

Freeling gets more idiosyncratic by the book. Here an evening/irritating prose tells of Commissioner Castang confronting violence crimes galore.

The Hand of Glass, by Jennie Melville (Macmillan, £8.50). Up, up and away into a whirling romantic world, nervily darting, unabashedly snobby, where murder was done in a Kent village once.

Seymour, Sweet Amariya, by James Melville (Secker & Warburg, £7.95).

Crime amid the culture clash (vide title), as fascinating core-samples of Japanese life are hauled up. Wouldn't mind a bit more story, though.

Mr Kipling's high and far-off times

After insulting Rudyard Kipling last year with some brash picture-book versions of four of the *Just So Stories*, Messrs Macmillan have now made proper amends by reprinting the whole collection as it ought to be, with the author's own indispensable illustrations.

These *Tales of the High and Far-off Times* (£9.95) make tough competition for today's storytellers, but here are a few Stute Fish somewhere behind the Whale's right ear.

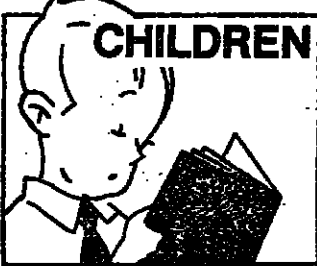
Among picture books worth a look are: *Spot's Birthday Party*, by Eric Hill (Heinemann, £4.50). Hide-and-seek is a natural theme for one of those books where you lift up chunks of the page to see what's

underneath. Eric Hill adds some nice repartee.

Stanley Bagshaw and the *Twenty Two Ton Whale* (Hamish Hamilton, £4.75) is a joyous lark by Bob Wilson, more or less in the metre of "Sam and his Musketeer".

With Phoebe and Joan Worthington's *Teddy Bear Gardener* (Warne, £3.25) one begins to wonder what can stop the Misses Worthington taking Teddy Bear through every occupation there is. (He's already been a coalman, a baker and a postman).

More traditional offerings include *The Chicken Book*, by Carth Williams (Patrick Hardy, £4.95), a picture-book adaptation of the rhyme about dozy



Brian Alderson

chicks who need to get scratching for their breakfast.

Despite some stage Welsh "boy-bach" - *The Silver Cow, a Welsh Tale* (illustrated by Warwick Hutton, Chatto, £4.95), is a fine rhythmic retelling by Susan Cooper of a story of overweening greed and its consequences. Hutton's pale pictures do full justice to the damp landscape.

An old legend is expanded in *The Golem*, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (illustrated by Uri Shulevitz, Deutsch, £4.95) into a short novel. It tells how 10 sacks of clay go to make up a giant to save the Jews of Prague from persecution.

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Christopher Wordsworth, *The Observer* £6.95

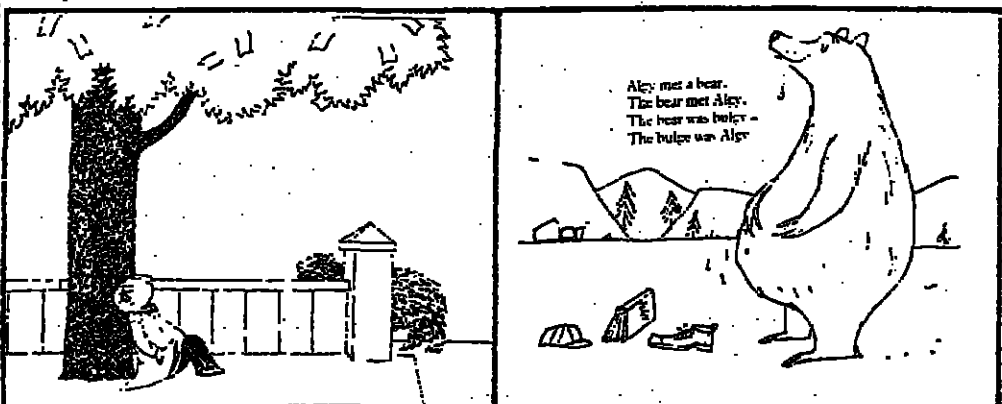
DAVID FLETCHER RAINBOW IN HELL

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Michael Hickling, *The Yorkshire Post* £6.50

PAULA GOSLING THE WOMAN IN RED

'Super, swift-sure characterisation, pace, high local colour: Paula Gosling has all the gifts.'
John Coleman, *The Sunday Times* £6.95

MACMILLAN LONDON



Treehorn, whose shrinking caused so little dismay among his family, returns (left) with a tree which grows dollar bills. Treehorn's Treasury by Florence Parry Heide, illustrated by Edward Gorey (Kestrel, £3.95). The bulgy bear (right) is one of Colin West's drawings from Cohen's Cornucopia of jaw-breaking tongue-twisters collected by Mark Cohen (Patrick Hardy, £4.50). Colin West has also compiled a comic anthology of his own: *The Land of Uter Nonsense* (Hutchinson, £3.95).

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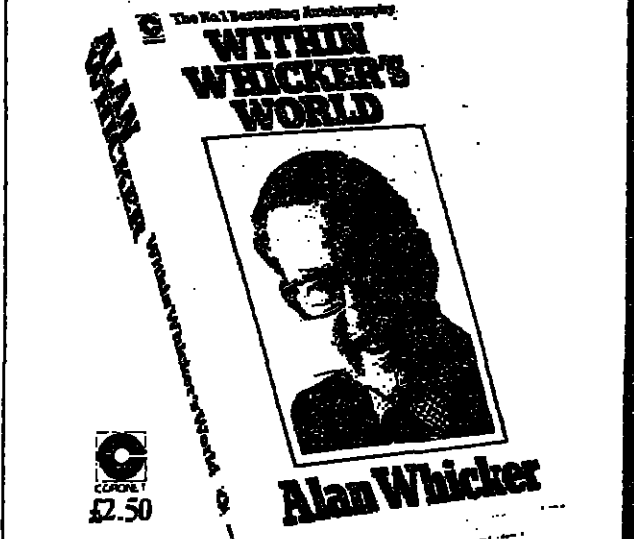
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The Observer
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مكتبة النور

SUMMER BOOKS

Victorian voyagers to the Levant



Glyn Daniel

How exciting it was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to speak of the Levant and the Orient and how we have debased our language and ourselves by talking now of the Middle East and the Near East as though the Foreign Office and the RAF had taken from us the romance of Greece and the Nile!

Many of us read Kinglake's *Eothen* at school but I must confess that I had not read Robert Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, published in 1849, five years after *Eothen*, until it appeared with an introduction by John Julius Norwich, in this excellent series, *Century Travellers*, produced jointly by Century Publishing and Gentry Books (Century, £5.95). Dr G. Hogarth, who wrote the preface to the 1865 edition, said: "While *Eothen* is an essay on the Near East, Curzon's *Monasteries* is a proper travel-book, perhaps the best yet written on that region... Taken for all in all, *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* makes as good reading as any travel-book ever written."

But there is a book which is better than Kinglake's *Eothen*, and must be reprinted, namely Palmer's *The Desert of the Exodus*. I must confess to having a private interest in Palmer: he was a Fellow of my college. He wrote he was trying to find out the particular form of the interrogative particle "when": "I inquired of an intelligent Arab with whom I chanced to be walking, 'Supposing you were to meet a man with an axe on his shoulder, how should you ask him when he shot it?' He replied, 'I shouldn't ask him at all because I shouldn't care.' But if you did care, what would you say to him?' I persisted. 'Why, I would say good morning.'"

Gustave Flaubert, stuck in Croisset where his friends had roundly condemned his *Temptation of Saint Anthony*, fled to Egypt, with his companion Maxime Du Camp, and travelled in his Orient, which never disappointed him, from 1849 to 1850. Du Camp wrote: Flaubert never wrote a travel book but kept a journal and sent letters to his mother and friends.

Francis Steegmüller has been translating and editing the Flaubert letters and diaries for the Harvard University Press. *Flaubert in Egypt* (London: Michael Haag, £5.95) contains a

selection of them: Flaubert on the countryside, the people, the antiquities, the filth and degradation, and sex. He enjoys himself enormously, especially on the brothels. But he wonders what it is all about. "We take notes, we make journeys, emptiness! emptiness! We become scholars, archaeologists, historians, doctors, cobblers, people of taste. Where is the heart, the nerve, the sap?"

Flaubert's Egypt was not mine, a century later, but I agree with him that it is indeed "a funny country". "Yesterday", he writes, "we were at a café which is one of the best in Cairo and where there were at the same time as ourselves, a donkey shitting and a gentleman pissing in the corner. No one finds that odd; no one says anything. Sometimes a man beside you will get up and begin to say his prayers, as though he were quite alone. No one ever turns his head to look, it is all so natural. Can you imagine someone suddenly saying grace in the Café de Paris?"

Amelia Edwards arrived in Cairo about 30 years after Flaubert and Du Camp had left their brothels and their Turkish baths. Her *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile*, reissued with an introduction by Quentin Crewe (Century, £5.95), was first published in 1877 and was a bestseller at once. She came to the Orient *par hasard*. She and a friend were in central France on a sketching holiday. "As Ninnes (sic) it poured for a month without stopping... Debating at last whether it were better to take our wet umbrellas back to England or push on farther still in sunshine... Cairo carried it. Never was distant expedition entered upon with less premeditation. We had taken refuge in Egypt, and one night turned aside into the Burlington Arcade to get out of the rain." I think this is one of the best travel books I have read.

Howard Carter was a traveller to the past of Egypt. No one of my generation can fail to remember the fantastic excitement of the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb in 1922 and it is good to have available again his popular account, *The Tomb of Tutankhamun* (Century, £4.95). As John Romer says in his preface to this new edition it is "one of the finest works of popular archaeology ever written". What he does not make clear is how much of it was written by Carter and how much by Mace, whose name does not appear anywhere. There was always something suspicious about Carter, and indeed about details of the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb. This re-issue should have taken into account Thomas Hoving's *Tutankhamun: the Untold Story*. The facts are not as Carter wished us to believe them.

We must adjust our history of the opening of the tomb in the light of Hoving's book; and also adjust our picture of Carter and his Victorian church in Birmingham, designed by the romantic



Callanish, Isle of Lewis, a circle of 13 stones dated about 1800 BC, from *Holy Places of the British Isles*, by William Anderson, with photographs by Clive Hicks. Published by Ebury Press at £9.95.

Buried in thought or sand?



Anne Barnes

Books furnish a holiday. That last job round the bookshops can be almost as important as buying the travel tickets. Should holiday reading be dignified by deep thoughts or tinged by riotous farce? Perhaps both.

To start with, among the new paperbacks, there is Tom Sharpe again. His *Vintage Snuff* (Pan, £1.75) features some dreadful schoolmasters in a propitious (but not quite incredible) minimal public school which prides itself on its "Assault Course for Overactive Underachievers" which is just about what the teachers and pupils are. When these assault course techniques are mixed with a thirst for adolescent heroism and let loose upon real life, chaos predictably results.

All the characters are unpleasant; most suffer unspeakable humiliations. There is a lot about turds and tampons and people with their trousers down. Readers will laugh wildly, snigger embarrassedly or feel thoroughly ill, but whatever their reaction they won't remember much about it afterwards.

Who was Oswald Fish? by A. N. Wilson (Penguin, £1.95) is a more thoughtful farce with a real satirical edge. The characters may be stereotypes but they are observed with great precision. Fanny is sensual and successful. She had been a pop star and a model and has even been married to a Conservative MP. She has a string of fashionable boutiques devoted to Victoriana and lives trendily in Kensington surrounded by bizarre friends and relatives, including her ghastly children Marmaduke and Pandora.

When she buys small Victorian church in Birmingham, designed by the romantic

but obscure Oswald Fish, it has just been picked out for demolition by the unromantic town council, and around this simple confrontation an elaborate web is woven. Fanny and Fred Jobling from the council discover that they are related to each other and to Oswald Fish himself - and indeed to several other incidental characters.

Fanny's absurd lifestyle is seen in sharp contrast to contemporary politics. It is ingenious and chilly. When, finally, her church collapses in rubble before her eyes and Fred is accidentally killed by his wife, it happens to be election day and Mrs Thatcher is seen moving triumphantly through the crowds enouncing the prayer of St Francis of Assisi.

It is odd that so many novelists find MP's useful symbols or at least measures of the times. Piers Paul Read in *A Married Man* (Pavane, £1.95) has written a serious and sometimes anguished story about a conventional barrister, bored with his job, bored with his wife and bored with himself.

As an antidote, he decides to become a Labour MP. He is made a great deal more comfortable by having an affair with a millionaire's daughter

who takes over his life in ways both violent and mundane.

This is a novel for people interested in middle class preoccupations about where to live, how to vote, how to treat one's wife, where to send the children to school and how long the Volvo will last. The "hero" lives in Holland Park and has a cottage in Wiltshire. He has two ordinarily noisy children and a family disorganised wife who goes in for tinned ravioli. It is alarmingly familiar and the domestic side of his malaise is elaborated in great detail.

Only when he is effortlessly selected as a Labour candidate in Hackney, and then, having become an MP, he sits down to read Hansard seriously, does the realism begin to falter. Although partly a description of middle aged angst, the book does show some clear insight into muddled values and the narrative is skilfully handled.

A *Woman of her Times* by G. J. Springover (Pan £2.50) attempts to convey similar insights into twentieth-century attitudes and ideas but it covers much more ground. Elizabeth Wingate, the first sentence tells us, "was not beautiful, but manners, grooming and voice made her seem so". It is not a promising start. Her life not only spans the most turbulent years of this century, it also takes in some of the most dramatic locations. She is the young wife of a British business man in Ceylon in 1914; a young mother in London in the twenties; an older mother in Hollywood in the thirties and a young widow in London again by 1939.

She is busy being a woman of her times which is difficult because nothing quite fits. She is Irish in England and pro-

Gandhi in colonial Ceylon. She believes in the ideals of the Labour Party and despises privilege, yet she canvasses for Nancy Astor at Plymouth and has her daughter presented at Buckingham Palace.

Through these paradoxes she struggles bravely but rather tediously.

A few historical events are set up as signposts but they do not help much, they simply provide further rallying points for incoherent philosophizing. Even the descriptions of Ceylon are rather like damaged news-reels.

It is a relief to go further back, to the sixteenth century in India, which Robin Lloyd Jones portrays in *Lord of the Dance* (Athena, £2.50). In this extraordinary, picaresque novel he describes the adventures of Thomas Coryat, an English surgeon, as he travels through the Mogul Empire towards Agra in search of a cure for his wife, who has leprosy. With him is his absurd friend, Frog, a Catholic priest obsessed almost equally with his mission to convert the heathen and with his unquenchable lust after almost every woman he sees.

Terrific things happen to them. They are caught up in wars and intrigues, they meet princesses and rulers and make friends with travelling players, soldiers and peasants. India seems exotic and wrapped in strange superstitions, yet it is made peculiarly accessible through the personalities of these two Englishmen, who are both frightened and amused by their adventures, feeling alien and yet at home. The writing is simple but the emotions are complicated. This book is almost a holiday in itself.

Trip around world's guiding lights



Contran Goulden

The first package tour operator was probably a Venetian galley owner who, in 1458, provided a round trip to the Holy Land, with subsistence on board, for a fixed sum. Thomas Cook started his continental operations with a trip to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. Pausanias (c. AD 150) wrote a 10-volume guide to Greece, which is still useful. The Crusaders were asked not to carve their names on Jerusalem's holy buildings - but combating vandalism was already a lost cause for Egyptian tourists were doing it on the Pyramids in 1244 BC.

Geoffrey Hindley's *Tourists, Travellers and Pilgrims* (Hutchinson, £9.95) has produced a well and entertainingly illustrated book in which you can browse with great pleasure, provided you don't mind a completely mixed-up chronology.

Maxine Feifer's France is not, as the title states, *Everyman's France* (Dent, £12.50), but her own. She hops about all over the place and presents a mass of indigestible facts of which the least digestible is the chapter on Gastronomic France.

The book is sprinkled with photographs, plain and coloured, by Harold Chapman. The text is part history, part art, part craft, part "folklore" and part detailed guide-book to a few cities.

It may make you want to go to France, but if you do go, my money would be on the little green Michelin guides where you can find the information properly collated and set out.

Rome (Harvill Press, £7.95) is a sensational book. The city has been Paul Hofmann's base for 25 years as a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*. Racily written, his account of it runs quickly from chapter to chapter; these are luckily very short and allow one to regain one's breath in between. It is a story of murder, kidnapping, robbery with violence, drug-taking, scandals in finance, soccer, religion, and political intrigue of every kind.

Greece and its islands are under the developer's hammer. John Abdon (*Ebdon's Island*, Heinemann, £8.95) knows this and writes about it briefly. One of his Greek friends tells him that his desire to keep Greece unchanged and for himself is ridiculous and that he should realize that tourism means prosperity for the Greeks.

Ebdon has written a sensitive, amusing, and earthy account of visits to Karamena, Karpachos and Rhodes. His characterization is good and wholly convincing. He has a real feeling for the country and its inhabitants. The description of a christening towards the end of the book is a riot. The drawings are witty and grotesque.

Dublin, compiled by Benedict Kiely (OUP, £4.50) is one of a series of "small" Oxford books and is a delight to read and to handle. An illustrated anthology of prose, ballad and verse, it contains many notable descrip-

tions of people and places; and anecdotes about both. The collection is based on a bus journey in the company of Benedict Kiely, Dr Muriel McCarthy, librarian of Archbishop Marsh's Library, and some veterans of the Irish Transport Company.

The distance between intellectual Dublin and the line separating the Irish and English speaking people of Donegal can be measured only in time. It is not so long ago that a man's world there was bounded by the distance his legs would take him.

Robert Bernen and his wife left city life in the United States to become hill farmers in Donegal. In his second collection of stories where time continues to stand still, clocks have not worked for years and calendars often belong to the year before last. (*The Hill*, Hamish Hamilton, £7.95).

Some of the stories are about his own experiences, some are collected from others. His prose has a timeless and mystical quality which recalls a Norse saga. Bernen's friends are people of few words, except that when their tongues are loosened they may talk all night. Their lives are, like his own, bound up with wild hill sheep and the dogs, often of uncanny understanding, who serve them.

Heat comes from the never-quenched turf fire, and the staple food is tea, bread and butter and spuds. Well before the end of the book I found myself believing in water-horses, sword-nosed dorbos and winged eels.

Melvyn Bragg has two qualifications for writing *Land of the Leaky Pot* (Scribner & Warburg, £9.95). He was born and brought up in the Lake District and has gone back to make his home there.

In an exceptionally well-designed book where the illustrations match, more or less, with the admirable text, he deals with geology, landscape, history and language.

Hill farmers seem to do rather better than those in Donegal anyway they hunt the fox, mainly on foot; they wrestle in embroidered Victorian underwear; they race to the top of fells and back again, and the common man keeps a swift dog for hound-trailing behind a drag. These and rock-climbing are the special sports. Legends abound, both pleasant and unpleasant. In 1662 three people were frightened to death by fairies.

EATING OUT

Winning double for Derby Day

Next Wednesday is Derby Day at Epsom, a popular festival that usually ends in a huge traffic-jam. For those who may be forced to linger in the area, we offer two convenient venues.

YEW TREE RESTAURANT, 98 High Street, Epsom, Surrey (Epsom 25585) Opens noon-2.30pm and 6.30-11pm Mon-Sat. The centre of Epsom is stocked with welcoming hostesses, so drowsing your sorrows or blowing your winnings will be easy. For dinner, the Yew Tree Restaurant will cover either contingency, since it's uncommonly cheap in parts, and yet

equally capable of giving successful punters another run for their money. Unlike to win any classics, the Yew Tree nevertheless seems a good each-way bet.

The wood-paneled, beamed-ceilinged, horse-brass interior gives it the look of a tea-shop and there's a cosy familiarity about the customers - bank managers, florist-hatted ladies, "Hello, Ken, have a G and T" estate-agents. They are drawn by the combination of cheap Anglo-Italian fillers (whitebait 1.65, ravioli 1.65) and more traditional French cuisine.

In between, there's simple safety in grilled lamb cutlets (£3.60), calves' liver (£3.50) and Romanas (£4.40). The richest offering is beef Mexicana (strips of fillet in tequila with red peppers, £5.50); however, while the meat was tender, the sauce was rather mushy.

PARTNERS 23, 23 Stonecut Hill, Sutton, Surrey (644 7743) Opens 12.30-2pm Tues-Fri, 7.30-8.30pm (last orders) Tues-Sat.

If you grind to a halt in the post-traffic jam, the A24 in Sutton, you might look around at the low-lung shopping parades and think "what a boring place this is". You might think that Partners 23 is a wine-store or a hairdresser's or any of the other businesses that flank it. You might drive on as quickly as you can to London; but if you do you'll be missing a treat.

The partners at 23 - Andrew Thomason and Tim McEntire - have created a smashing little restaurant on the premises of a former transport café.

The menu is constructed simply as a four-course dinner for £11.50 with coffee and petit-fours included. Four or five exciting choices are offered at each stage of the menu, and if it sounds like a gourmet's assault-course, rest assured that the delicacy of the preparation and the aptness of the portions allow the food to be properly appreciated.

Stan Hey

IN THE GARDEN

Never one for the pot

Like all weeds, those that disfigure a lawn should be controlled before they flower. Some of them, however, flower early in the season and if they have not been dealt with, mowing will help. Cutting off their heads will stop them from seeding and spreading. For total elimination, however, it is necessary to employ weedkillers.

The same active ingredient is used in several proprietary weedkillers, but often there are different mixtures and the percentages of the various constituents vary according to the specific purpose for which the product is intended. It is essential therefore that the manufacturer's directions should be read and rigidly followed. When using chemicals, never add "one for the pot" to try to increase the potency.

Weeds which are fairly easy to control are the hawkbit, bulbous buttercup, catsear, daisy, dock, dandelion, self-heal, silverweed and yarrow. Difficult ones include celandine

and the speedwells. The easy weeds can often be killed by one application of a chemical designed for the purpose, but the difficult ones may take two or three applications, and even then these may not be effective.

It is important to be able to identify weeds, as different treatments are applied to different species. Daisies, buttercups, dandelions, plantains and clover are fairly readily recognized, but parsley-piert, hawksbeard, bird's-foot trefoil and pearlwort are not. A book entitled *The Need to Weed* by Valerie Ailes, published by and obtainable from, the Murphy Chemical Company, contains illustrations of most weeds, including those that afflict lawns.

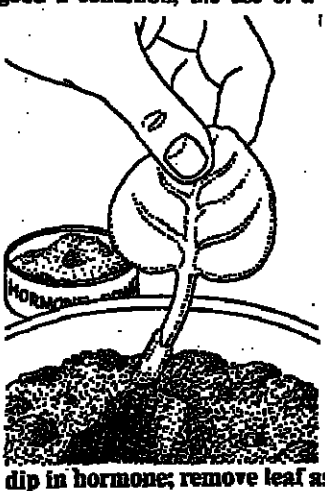
Lawn weedkillers should be applied in the spring and early summer for the best effects. This year conditions have been perfect for their application; both grass and weeds are growing vigorously after the heavy rain.

Where the turf is in not too good a condition, the use of a

Ashley Stephenson



From left: Cut leaf; dip in hormone; remove leaf as plantlets appear



Leaf cuttings
Leaf cutting can be done without a greenhouse. Saintpaulia probably is the most common plant where this method is used, and the window sill alongside the parent plant is fine to use. Many amateurs remove a leaf close to the crown of the plant with a sharp knife. The leaf stalk should be as long as possible as it can then be used again. The end of the

leaf is placed in a small quantity of water in the bottom of a jar or dish; the leaf will root into this water so long as there is only a little water in the bottom. Adding one of the rooting compounds to the water helps the rooting process; alternatively the bottom of the cutting can be dipped into hormone compounds before placing in the water. I find that wearing the plant from water to compost is not 100 per cent successful and there are

losses at this stage. I much prefer to take the cutting in the same way but to insert it into an open compost straight away (any of the soilless composts are good). Always dip the leaf and into hormone rooting compound before inserting, as the leaf will then produce roots easily. Once rooted, the leaf can be cut away above the young plant seen coming from the base of the cutting. Use the leaf again if it is still in good condition.

THE TIMES SPORTS AND LEISURE SET

MORE and more people are beginning to appreciate the importance of taking some sort of regular exercise, whether it's jogging, squash, keep-fit classes or weight-lifting. These good quality, stylish sports garments complement each other beautifully to provide a smart versatile kit for a wide variety of sporting activities.



THE T-shirt, shorts and hooded zip-jacket are American-made by Mr. President, from a machine washable combination of cotton and man-made fibres. The whole set is available in traditional sweatshirt grey with the title of 'THE TIMES' printed in soft navy blue flock on the left hand breast of the T-shirt and jacket and on the right leg of the shorts. The Times T-shirts are finished with a crew neck and short sleeves, while the shorts are in a heavier fleecy lined fabric with short leg, elasticated waist and smart navy blue piping on the seams. Ideal for energetic sports and leisure activities, as the soft easy fabric is light and absorbent to wear.

THE hooded zip jacket is the perfect sporting cover-up, and would also look smart over jeans or Tracksuit trousers. Made from the traditional fleecy lined sweatshirt material, it has a strong metal zip, hood with drawstrings, set-in sleeves, stretch-knit cuffs and hem, and front patch pocket.



The wide range of sizes should suit most people.
T-shirts S(32"-34") M(36"-38") L(38"-40") XL(42"-44") (50% cotton/50% polyester)
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Jackets S(34"-36") M(38"-40") L(42"-44") XL(46"-48") (50% cotton/50% acrylic)
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Set of T-shirt, shorts and jacket £24.95

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Strictly for the hale and the hardy, Richard North maps out a journey of invigorating and visceral delight

Rediscovering the splendour of Britain's rugged north

You know you are in the north country when the postmen have Land Rovers and the police stations sprout notices telling householders how to mark out their back paddocks for the helicopter bringing them supplies in the event of a snow-in. And the time to go north is when contingency plans like these might at any moment be put into operation: anywhere between autumn and spring, when a blizzard may come hurtling down the valley or glen without announcement, whitening over what had been wistly sunned-over minutes before.

There are only two ways to go north. One is sublime: overnight sleeper from King's Cross, with the frisson of waking the next day, with the rattle and glamour of the train as your alarm, somewhere around Aviemore. Or the cheaper, slower approach: we chose the latter: a gaggle of friends, in search of the saints (they concentrate the mind) and some of the unique wildland wildernesses (they need all the friends they can get) of Scotland. We plodded up the A1 in a motorhome (comfortable sleeping for four, though you had to be chums indeed, since the accommodation consists solely of double beds).

Tacky caravans beside the road offer you bacon sandwiches and gossip about CB radio and Smokey Bear. The A1 is for greasers and truckers and people in search of an unconquered Britain. Turn left off it anywhere after Sheffield and you are in high country.

We decided to shoot away into the valleys of Yorkshire or Durham. But which? Wharfedale? Wensleydale? Airedale? Teesdale? We decided: Wensleydale, for the excitement of Askrigg Falls.

Further west and north, dropping down into the Lake District is like wandering into a stage set: we were granted a blazing sunset and clear-eyed sunrise after overnighting at the marvellous Quiet Site (decent bar, facilities) high in the lee of Little Mell Fell (just over the back fence), by Ullswater.

There is something about the early morning in a camp site,

car park or lay-by. Something about its suddenness, its abrupt intrusion on your dreams. Enough to say that we walked along a lakeside as morning gathered itself and the scenery was as lovely as those crayon-etched scenes on the Derwent pencil-tin lids. There is a fine dry sherry quality to the autumn lights in lakeside woodland, the grass and reed tundra beside them recall pictures of Africa.

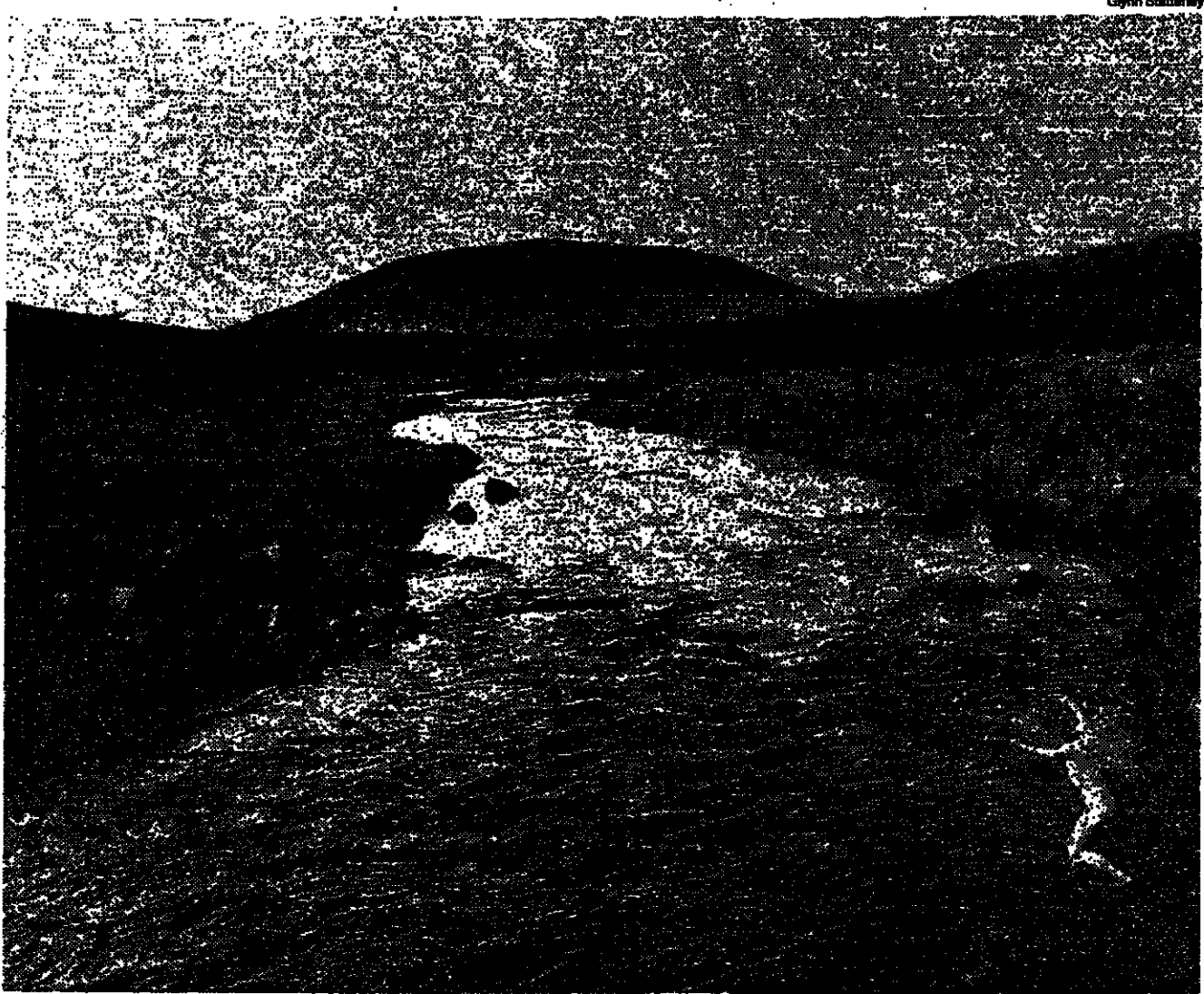
We bought free-range eggs from Sarah Chaplin whose back-side farm, in St John's in the Vale, is open for bed and breakfast. She says the guard-geese soon leave you alone: in which case the place is probably heaven.

To Carlisle where the dour castle sticks up like a stump of brown chalk. The cathedral boasts lovely medieval paintings and even the last resting place of Canon Hardwicke Rawnsley, friend of Tennyson and founder of the National Trust.

And Glasgow, where the traffic wardens are so friendly they answer inquiries by all but walking with you, hand at elbow, to your destination. They were putting up the Christmas decorations in St George's Square (this was November 1), and we were in no mood for towns anyway, so we scuttled on and did not stop till Crieff, a steep little town where the bars are at first floor level: we picked the one where the young and not-so-young hang out and swap stories about the days when they ran away and lived in London, Glasgow or New York.

I had wanted to see St Fillan's Well, by Loch Earn's almost English charms, but a local told me it was just a dull spring on a hummock in a golf course. We lighted it.

Then cross-country to Loch Tay and Aberfeldy, and Killin, where autumn was going berserk in the trees. We walked the Caledonian Pine woods at Rothiemurchus, on bouncy heather beside wide shallow streams, and sought out Insh, where, dogged as ever by



Travelling light: The author prepares to sample Silver Flow, Clatteringshaws, in Dumfries and Galloway

stunning, ill-deserved luck, we saw the first Whooper Swans of the year arrive, on a great soggy tongue of reed-fringed water, one of the finest fealds in the country; and did momentary obeisance to two exquisite chapels, one of them named Swan Chapel in immemorial honour of the beautiful visitors: bleak, bright, small places, one of them built on a crop of rock lapped by Loch Inch.

And so on to Inverness, where a travelling companion introduced two respectable ladies to magic mushrooming out on the moorland. They rather primly out-picked him, once they knew what to look for, about three to one, and wondered what effect this native flora would have, and should it be taken with, or instead of, whisky. Instead, said the itinerant sage.

We walked the high glenside of Loch Ness at Abriachan, the terrain where St Columba, who is said to have subdued the

Monster, stomped about bullying the locals into Christianity. Below us, high-density clouds powered down the Great Glen like smoke from proud steam trains as the sun hailed itself into the sky and the wind tried to tug us from the cairn.

Coffee and whisky with Lorna Lumsden, who runs a business for people seeking to rent highland properties; anything from a croft to a full-blown lodge. She had to be brought down from re-roofing her own

croft in Black Fold north of the Great Glen to tell us where the bottle was. Woodstoves and a microwave miles from the nearest cottage: an instant welcome for the traveller. What people, these highlanders!

A zigzag across the country to Claish Moss, a great soggy peatland you must rent a boat at Daledia Pier (it's a jetty) to see it: across Loch Shiel, where Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stewart was rowed to Glenfinnan, to raise his father's

standard, on August 19, 1745. St Fintin's Isle is a miraculously still ruin of a chapel and graveyard in mid-loch. We bog-stomped and swam: a cold, grey, exhilarating day.

The A9 cuts an almost balletic swathe through the highlands, with, after Inverness, oil rigs holding a candle in the sky to seaward. At Helmsdale we turned North, past great Neolithic souterrains in rubble, the Grey Cairns of Camster, into the badlands of Caithness, a desert of abandoned crofts and probably disastrous forestry. For a crazy afternoon we romped on Blar Nam Follie, a primordial bog so huge that entire lochs are tucked away. A place of shattering loneliness.

We were booked on a ferry for the Hebrides, out of Ullapool. There is a wonderful quality to being stormbound in such a place: the Seaforth Hotel has a bar, presided over by three tough, kindly girls who mop up round the fallen, victims of the all-day drinking that nearly claimed our party. Just across the road is the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen where you go to sober up and eat and repair the soul and watch the storm pick up handfuls of lock water and throw them into the sky.

There are more seagoing taxi firms than land-based, scurrying among the foreign factory ships, called Klondikers. Scruffy men in big Mercedes conduct their business over walkie-talkies and pass the time of day over cigars and whisky (Seaforth) or bacon rolls. Quartz halogen lamps make the wharf bright half the night.

I forget how many days passed. When the ship was ready to make sure of brandy and seashell pills: the last time she left port she had to shelter at the end of the loch for half a morning before making a dash for it. We were tossed across the North Minch in fine shape and arrived in time for all-night, riotous dancing and earnest discussions with high-minded, anxious, sturdy, high-stepping island people. Friday night in Stornoway is glorious.

We had driven hundreds of miles and seen a great deal of the most beautiful country in the world. But nothing prepared us for the loveliness of the south of Harris. We had to borrow a car for the last stretch: the sheep had come into Tarbert's streets to shelter in doorways, and we did not dare drive the van in such a gale.

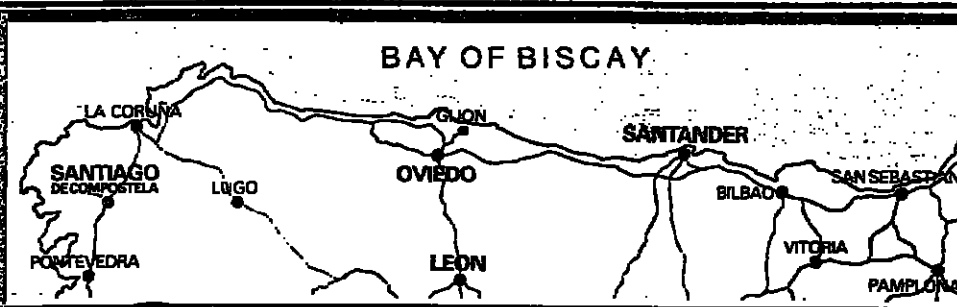
The streams were being blown back from the roads' edges, like a schoolboy's unruly quiff. We tumbled down a C road built like a roller coaster. Out to sea, the wave-mountains were queuing up to pound into Loch Beacraik. And so on to the peninsula of land running out to Toe Head. The wind was so high we were not sure we dare even leave the car.

"Chapel (ruins of)" it said on the map, and that dragged us on. The sand and seaspire were being driven horizontally at our eyes: the moorgrass had given in, lying in one near-flattened mass at our feet.

The chapel's walls were almost as thick as the tiny space they enclosed. There was no roof. One window - a slit - looked out to sea. We drew breath in a perfect symbol of this island of saints (Columba among them) and wished we could stay forever.



The Quiet Site, Cove, Watnall, Ullswater, Cumbria (Pockley Bridge 337); Sarah Chaplin, Lowbridge End Farm, St John's in the Vale, Keswick, Cumbria (Threlkeld 248); Scottish Holiday Homes (Lorna Lumsden), Wester Aulhouse, Abriachan, Inverness, IV3 6LB (Dochgarrock 247); self catering properties of every sort. Caledonian Macbrayne, the shipping company, run a host of stunning ferry routes around the Scottish Isles. The Ferry Terminal, Gourock, PA19 1QP (Gourock 33755); four berth motorhome (depending on season, up to £250 a week all in, no mileage charges) was from Apex Leisure Hire, 64 Albert Embankment, London SE1 (735 5856).



Journey through a land where time stands still.

Think of Spain as you know it. The sun-drenched beaches of the South. Warm white sand stretching endlessly before you.

Now think again. Imagine a journey through a land where mountains dominate wide plains. And forests blend into wheatfields. Where haycarts rumble down hill lanes and grainstores are built on stilts. Imagine a land where time stands still.

The North of Spain. Perhaps you begin your journey in the bustling port of Santander where its fascinating Royal Palace stands like an oversized sandcastle on a

small spit between the harbour and the bathing beaches. And travel on through the Asturias, passing mystical shrines in the caves of Covadonga until you eventually reach Oviedo. An imposing 14th Century cathedral dominates the town.

Inside it lies an ancient coffer containing two thorns from Christ's crown and other biblical treasures. Leave Oviedo and drive into Galicia where mountain streams bubble with salmon. And wildlife rustles in the undergrowth.

Emergence at Santiago de Compostela with its awe-inspiring Shrine of St. James, the destination of a million pilgrims over the years. Journey on, into the province of León taking in its impressive cathedral city and driving on to discover the little village of Veguellina with its wiggly old bridge on which a famous duel was fought in the name of love. Cross it before heading onwards to your final destination.

The North. A country within a country. A land that'll take your breath away. And to think you thought you knew Spain.

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The North. A country within a country. A land that'll take your breath away. And to think you thought you knew Spain.

If you think you know Spain, think again.

SPAIN

Contact your local travel agent or The Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St. James's Street, London SW1. Tel 01-499 0901.

Rod, wine and fishcakes, up in castle country

Shona Crawford Poole, Travel Editor, begins a series on short holidays with a visit to the Borders



Striding across a grouse moor, kicking up fine birds though there are plenty of their catkin droppings in the heather, is a fine way to dispatch city cobwebs. No grander though than standing in the sparkling Tweed, ears and neck well-scrubbed against the fishing equivalent of an own-goal from an ineptly cast fly.

If invitations for weekends in Scotland are scarce just now, I know of a duke who will be happy to put you up for a consideration at one of his country places.

Three miles upstream of the junction of the Tweed and Teviot rivers is Sunlaw, a country house on the Duke of Roxburgh's estate. Last year the Duke and Duchess turned it into a hotel of which they are the proprietors. Wine and fishcakes from the big house, Floors Castle, add colour to the gustatory proceedings, and hotel guests have free admission to the castle during its open season (May 2 to September 30).

When I stayed at Sunlaw not long after it opened the furnishings were unscuffed, catalogue bright, and the service on tip-top. All should mellow well, as should the planting in the huge conservatory where, prudently so far north, tea is taken. Allan and Frances Hobkirk (he is everywhere and she cooks nice, slightly old fashioned food) run Sunlaw with a sure hand, and the local help is shy and pleasant.

The house has its own beat on the Teviot for salmon (February 1 to November 30), and trout (April 1 to September 30), and driven pheasant days can be arranged on the Roxburgh estate (November 1 to January 31).

The local tourist authority, justifiably aggrieved that so few visitors to Scotland take breath in the Borders as they hurry northwards, is making strenuous efforts to snare them. It produces an excellent range of literature on healthy outdoor and cultural pursuits.

I went walking with a countryside ranger who pointed out the sights that city slickers can miss - pixie cup lichens, eyelash fungi, and a spider carrying its egg sack. Cheviot sheep are an especially picturesque-looking breed.

I cycled round the country lanes on one of the sturdy bikes issued by Scottish Cycling Holidays and turned cold on a sunny afternoon at the macabre sight of 160 moles hung up to dry on a barbed wire farm fence. That was just the biggest catch, there were several others, and rooks too hung up in trees as an awful warning to others.

I learned how to cast a wet fly under the watchful, encouraging eye of Ted Hunter of Angler's Choice in Melrose, and how to return young fish to the river with minimum damage and another notch on the learning curve.

Then there was the pale stone and oak panelling of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home near Selkirk, and tea with Mrs Patricia Maxwell-Scott who has especially good raspberry jam and well behaved dogs. I cannot

get interested in Rob Roy's gun and artefacts of that ilk, but the house itself, built to Scott's wishes, is a splendid period piece.

And, of course, there is Floors Castle, begun in 1721 by William Adam, father of Robert. A painting by William Wilson in 1809 shows the rectangular Georgian original before William Playfair's extravagantly conceived alterations and additions transformed it into the flamboyant castle that stands today. Playfair's Gothic bird-room, full of stuffed birds in various states of repair, is immensely stylish, and the catalogue of paintings, furniture and objects worth a second glance is long.

Do stop to admire the view of the Tweed from the windows, and if the damp rising on one or two silk curtains is a puzzle, resist a polite inquiry about the castle's maintenance problems. One of her ladyship's dogs has not yet heard of Barbara Woodhouse.



Sunlaw House Hotel, Kelso, Roxburghshire TD5 6JZ, Scotland (057 35 331). Bed and full Scottish breakfast, including service and tax, from £42 a night for two sharing a double room. Singles from £28.50 to £30. Dinner, bed and breakfast, double, from £88. Dogs £1 a night. Hire cars can be arranged to meet guests arriving at Newcastle or Edinburgh airports, or at Berwick upon Tweed railway station.

For general information on accommodation and activities in the area write to the Tourism Division, Borders Regional Council, Newton St Boswells, Roxburghshire (St Boswells 23301 ext 213). Also for details of the ranger-guided walks. Scottish Cycling Holidays, Mr K. Tod, Bailmuir Post Office, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (Bridge of Cally 201).

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PREVIEW Films

Hitching a ride on 'Star Wars 3'

"There's something out there, but we can't find it," a member of George Lucas's staff said the other week, sounding just like a spaceman exploring Planet X in an old, quaint science-fiction film. He was referring, however, to an ill-fated video copy of *Return of the Jedi*, the latest, ultra-sophisticated instalment of Lucas's *Star Wars* saga, released in America last weekend and opening in Britain on Thursday.

Despite tight security at Lucasfilm, it is hardly surprising that pirate cassettes should already be in production; few cinema attractions of 1983 have been so eagerly awaited by fantasy fans, or cloaked in such provocative secrecy.

But with the imminent arrival of *Return of the Jedi*, the veil of secrecy is lifting. This third adventure, placed third in Lucas's grand plan for three related trilogies, describes the Rebel Commanders' new attempt to combat the Galactic Emperor.

Han Solo (Harrison Ford) is rescued from the desert planet Tatooine, ruled by a dastardly gangster named Jabba the Hutt. There are new forms of transport, desert skills, the Imperial Shuttle - and new galactic inhabitants, like the reptilian Admiral Ackbar and huge-headed Bib Fortuna.

The main personnel from *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* remain in business: composer John Williams; production designer Norman Reynolds; Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker; Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia; Billy Dee Williams as Lando Calrissian.

As with *The Empire Strikes Back*, George Lucas serves as executive producer rather than director. "It's still my story," he told one interviewer about *Empire*, directed by Irvin Kershner. "I just didn't have to do all the work."

Relieving the work load this time is Richard Marquand, from Britain, responsible for television documentaries, the horror film *The Legend* (1978), *Birth of the Beast* (1979) and an adaptation of Ken Follet's thriller *Eye of the Needle* (1981).

Frankly, he seems a strange choice, though perhaps Lucas picked him simply because he would not get in the way. Marquand certainly felt nothing but awe towards his employer. "Having George Lucas as executive producer," he said, "is like directing *King Lear* with Shakespeare in the next room."

Geoff Brown
Return of the Jedi opens on June 2 at the Dominion Theatre, Leicester Square Theatre and Odeon Marble Arch, London.



Kite flight: Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher, skywalking

Critics' choice

EDUCATING RITA (15)
Classic Haymarket (838 1527)
Warner West End (438 0781)
Also at the Odeon, London Road, Liverpool (051 708 0717)
Michael Caine and Julie Walters play teacher and pupil in Lewis Gilbert's film adaptation of Willie Russell's play.

FANNY AND ALEXANDER (15)
Lumière St Martin's Lane (836 0691)
Edinburgh Film Theatre until June 4 (031 228 2688)

London's chief cinematic pleasure: Ingmar Bergman's amazing evocation of life's joys and horrors, staged with exceptional candour, beauty and lightness of touch. Traditional Bergman themes are deftly woven into the mixed fortunes of a Swedish family early in the century.

FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART III (18)
ABC Baywater (229 4149)
ABC Edgware Road (723 5901)
ABC Fulham Road (370 2636)
Classic Oxford Street (536 0310)
Piazza Piccadilly Circus (437 1234) and omnibus releases
Steve Miner's sequel in 3D, set at the lakeside resort with its grisly history of mass murder. With Dana Kimmell and Paul Kratka.

Films on TV

Errol Flynn is in danger of being better remembered for his colourful life off screen than his performances on it, but if he was not the most subtle of actors, his style and presence were undeniable. He deserves his season on BBC2.

It starts this afternoon (3.10-4.50pm) with the best of his swashbuckling roles in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, directed by Michael Curtiz in 1938 and notable also for its Technicolor photography, stirring Korogold score. Basil Rathbone as the villain, sheep care and - unusual for Hollywood - respect for its source.

On Monday Flynn plays the dashing Earl of Essex, with Bette Davis as the Queen, in another Curtiz film, *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, made in 1939 (2.40-4.20pm); and he is General Custer in Raoul Walsh's 1941 version of the battle of Little Big Horn, *They Died With Their Boots On* (4.20-6.40pm). His other appearance is on Friday (5.40-7.30pm) in the Klinging story, *Kim*, made by Victor Saville in 1938.

In the Film International slot on BBC2 tonight there is *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, Robert Bresson's film of 1971 based on Dostoevsky's *White Nights* (11.45-1.10am); Guillaume de Forets and Isabelle Weingarten play the young man and the girl he saves from suicide.

Among Channel 4's offerings this week are three British films of interest, all dating from more than 40 years ago. *Pygmalion*, which is showing today (2.45-4.35pm), is a classic adaptation of Shaw's play with strong

performances by Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza and Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle. Much less well known is *Perfect Understanding* (tomorrow, 2.25-3.55pm). It was made in 1933, for her own company, by Gloria Swanson and is a light comedy starring her and a young Laurence Olivier. The screenplay was by Michael Powell who turns up on Monday (2.50-5pm) as the director of the 1941 wartime propaganda piece about Nazi infiltrators in Canada, *49th Parallel*. Olivier is in this one, too, as Leslie Howard, Eric Portman and Anton Walbrook.

BBC1 says happy 80th birthday to Bob Hope tomorrow by showing his 1947 comedy, *Road to Rio* (1.55-3.30pm); and in the evening (10.50pm-12.50am) has the musical, *Cabaret*, based, at several removes, on Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, and directed by Bob Fosse in 1972. It made a star of Liza Minnelli, currently with her own show in London.

The Marilyn Monroe season on BBC2 ends, appropriately, with her last film, *The Misfits*, written by her then husband, Arthur Miller, and directed by John Huston (Tuesday, 7.25-9.25pm). It appeared in 1961, two years before her death.

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Also showing:
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Wednesday: Earthquake (1974), all ITV regions, 8.10pm.
The Quiller Memorandum (1966), BBC1, 10.20pm-midnight.

Collecting

Cachet that makes a mint of difference

All collectors wish upon themselves a little immortality, and coin collectors are no different. As famous collections are sold there is pleasure in obtaining one or two coins from them, or in finding pieces in dealers' stock or in auction sales, that come from the famous collections of earlier generations. Yet it is curious that of the many thousands of art objects sold every year, so few come from recognized collections.

With many of these sales one must respect the anonymity of the vendor, but with coins there is so much to be learnt from the pedigree or provenance. There is a record of prices that the coin fetched each time it came under the hammer, and sometimes more, for many of the famous old collectors were more than mere scholars, and even today if little is known about the man themselves, their auction catalogues have made a lasting impact.

The sale of the Beresford-Jones collection on June 2 will be a pedigree collector's delight. Only 138 English gold coins, ranging from 1422-1662, are to be sold, yet the catalogue devotes a whole page to listing the 63 collections that have been part of their recent history.

The importance of a pedigree can be judged from a single example - a half angel of Henry VI. "The Wars of the Roses" was the fanciful invention of Sir Walter Scott, a phrase to cover the turmoil of the fighting factions of York and Lancaster during the fifteenth century. The coin is a product of Henry VI's times, for Henry VI was restored to the throne by Warwick the Kingmaker in October 1470, but was murdered in the Tower of London on the night of May 21 the following year. The returning



Hyman Montagu (left) and John G. Murdoch with a Henry VI Half Angel, obverse (top) and reverse

Lancastrian King placed a privy mark of a plain cross - on the coin, as many more people would be able to recognize the mark than would be able to read his name in the Latin legend.

The coin shows St Michael slaying his dragon and, on the reverse, a ship bearing a cross. Its value then was 3s 4d; it is now more than £3,000. Fewer than 10 examples of the coin are known and the last specimen to appear at auction was this selfsame coin back in 1956. Perhaps with such a history the pedigree seems overshadowed.

We know from the first catalogue entry that this coin was found in Haverfordwest. It passed into the hands of the Rev Joseph William Martin of Keston, Kent, and it was lot 111 of the sale of his "exceedingly choice cabinet", held by Sotheby's over five days in May, 1859. The buyer at the sale was a Captain R. M. Murchison who paid the astonishing sum of £31 for the coin, then described as "of the utmost rarity, if not unique, and fine". This price was achieved in a sale where a five-guinea piece of

William III, described as "brilliant", sold for only £6, an increase of 15 shillings above face value in 150 years! The top price in the same sale was £39 for a gold sovereign of Henry VII.

Such is the quality of the forthcoming sale that one of these coins is also to be sold. Murchison sold his "highly important and valuable cabinet of English coins" at Sotheby's in June, 1864, again over a period of five days. A slide in value had started, for the coin fetched £30 10s, and passed into the collection of the Rev Edward John Shepherd.

Following his death in 1895, Sotheby's held a four-day sale of his "very select collection" at which the coin struggled to fetch £17, and was bought for Mr Hyman Montagu, an astute collector who would buy single rarities just as readily as he would whole collections. (On one occasion he bought the entire stock of a Paris dealer, but Montagu was to die suddenly at the age of 50, and the coin again found itself at Sotheby's.

It took the auctioneers three years, and 55 days of actual sales, before the entire Montagu collection was dispersed. The half angel was a low bidder, fetching only £12 10s. The 1895 catalogue I consulted had the handwritten comment: "I think cheap".

The new owner was John G. Murdoch, at whose sale in 1903 the catalogues, once again Sotheby's, were able to write that "having means of gratifying his taste, he rarely missed securing a piece he desired to possess". The price slide was halted and the coin realized £17 5s, just over its 1885 level.

The coin now found its way into the collection of Richard Cyril Lockett, the last of the English collectors able to afford to buy coins with the same Victorian thoroughness of the two previous owners.

When Lockett died Sotheby's lost their monopoly on the coin and it was sold in one of the great series of sales held by Glendinning & Co between 1955 and 1961. By a strange coincidence the coin was bought by the present owner for £62, thus finally doubling its value in 100 years.

Now a new name is to be added to the list of pedigrees, that of R. Duncan Beresford-Jones, a long time student of numismatics and a collector since 1951 (he purchased coins at the Marquess of Bute sale). The half angel will be lot 14 in the sale of his "distinguished collection" being held by Spink Co. Auctions, on Thursday, June 2.

One cannot but wonder what price the coin? What price the pedigree?

Daniel Fearon

Chess

Female player who packed a punch in the past

For more than a thousand years women chess-players have been inferior to men at the game. True, around AD 800 Dilarum must have been better than her husband when she advised him to sacrifice a rook rather than "his Dilarum" - she being the subject of a wager in the game. But it was a simple enough combination, and he would have hardly done well in a second-class afternoon session at Hastings.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that women have been improving at the game all my life. For my youth as a master coincided with the rise of Vera Menchik, a talented woman, half-English and half-Czech, who won the women's world championship in the 1930s. She was certainly of master strength but, alas, she was killed by a German buzz-bomb in the late stages of the Second World War.

The advent of the remarkable Georgian women players greatly transformed the international picture. Two of them, Nona Gaprindashvili and Maya Tchi-buridze, became world champions and are of almost equal strength. Quite a number more are of almost equal stature - in particular Nana Alexandria and Nana Joseliani.

Britain also has its international woman grandmaster (or should it be grandmistress?) in Dr Yana Miles, as well as a number of very promising youngsters. Some, if not all of them, should develop into grandmaster strength and might even do better than their male colleagues in their own Olympiad.

As an example of how women can excel in combination attack, I give a pretty little game which a former British woman champion won

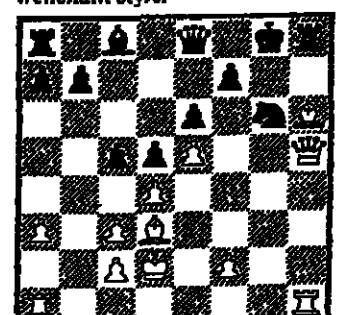
in the 1939-40 Trophy Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association.
White: Miss E. Tranmer.
Black: F. H. Chapman, French Defence.

1 P-K4 N-K5
2 P-Q4 P-K4
3 P-Q3 P-K4
4 P-B3 P-K4
5 P-B3 P-K4
6 P-B3 P-K4
7 P-B3 P-K4
8 P-B3 P-K4
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94 P-B3 P-K4
95 P-B3 P-K4
96 P-B3 P-K4
97 P-B3 P-K4
98 P-B3 P-K4
99 P-B3 P-K4
100 P-B3 P-K4

Playable; but there is no good reason why he should not take the pawn off here.
Too slow; he must strike at once at the centre with P-QB4.
Castling right into an attack. It was essential to safeguard the position of his knight by 8... P-KR4.

8 P-K4 N-K5
9 P-K4 N-K5
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91 P-K4 N-K5
92 P-K4 N-K5
93 P-K4 N-K5
94 P-K4 N-K5
95 P-K4 N-K5
96 P-K4 N-K5
97 P-K4 N-K5
98 P-K4 N-K5
99 P-K4 N-K5
100 P-K4 N-K5

A counter that comes some 15 moves too late and now White finishes off the game in trenchant style.



Harry Golombek

Bridge

Grosvenor confounds by caprice

The Grosvenor coup is a comparatively new addition to bridge vocabulary. It was first described in a satirical article in an American magazine in 1976. There are one or two examples of the mythical Mr Grosvenor's whimsical diversions.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH (15)
Gate Notting Hill (221 0220)
727 5750
Striking cinematic debut by stage and TV director Richard Eyre, a subtle portrait of post-Falklands Britain, built around a radio journalist with shady morals, Ian McEwan's intelligent script is bolstered by fine location photography (Clive Ticker). With Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, Charlie Dore.

TOOTSIE (PG)
Classic Chelsea (352 5096)
Odeon Kensington (602 6644)
Odeon Leicester Square (930 5252)
Expert comedy about desperate actor Dustin Hoffman finding financial success and emotional turmoil as a female soap opera star. Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal's knowing, witty script never loses sight of the serious ramifications: Sydney Pollack directing; Hoffman's performance is remarkable. With Jessica Lange, Charles Durning, Teri Garr.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE (15)
ABC Baywater (229 4149)
ABC Fulham Road (370 2636)
Empire Leicester Square (437 1234)
Not for the first time, a famous novel is filmed with scrupulous sensitivity but uncertain personal commitment. William Styron's novel about the life and friends of a Holocaust survivor is distilled by director Alan J. Pakula into a series of striking scenes that never finally cohere. Mediculous acting, though, from Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline and Peter MacNicol.

LOCAL HERO (PG)
Classic Chelsea (352 5096)
Odeon Kensington (602 6644)
Odeon Haymarket (930 2736)
BFI Cinema 1 until June 15 (828 8786)
Bill Forsyth perceives comedy as the virtue that makes the whole world kin and all men forgivable. The plot is simple. Know Oil decides to build a refinery on a beautiful stretch of the Scottish coast, and dispatches a young executive to buy up a fishing village, Farness. He is disappointed to find, instead of conservationists, a bunch of happy opportunists greedily anticipating the corporation's millions. With Peter Riegart, Burt Lancaster, Denis Lawson.

PASSION (18)
Savoy Plaza (485 2443)
The practice of star names such as Isabelle Huppert, Marina Schuygulla and Michel Piccoli

Geoff Brown and David Robinson

The information in this column was correct at the time of going to press. Late changes are often made and it is advisable to check using the telephone numbers given.

musical, *Cabaret*, based, at several removes, on Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, and directed by Bob Fosse in 1972. It made a star of Liza Minnelli, currently with her own show in London.

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The Quiller Memorandum (1966), BBC1, 10.20pm-midnight.

West led the ace of hearts, and continued with a second round which South won with the ♠Q. South cashed the ♠A, on which West played the ♠Q. With the diamonds now marked on the right, it seemed correct to play on the side suits to preserve control, so South played the ♠K which East took with the ♠A. When East continued with a low heart, South had a nasty inkling that his assessment of the trumps had gone wrong. No matter, he thought, West can only have a doubleton, so he discarded a spade, while West ruffed with the ♠A. A spade to East's ace and another heart provided South with a rude shock, and East-West with the setting trick.

To succeed in a subtle bluff, the victim must also have some imagination, as East found out. Rubber Bridge. Game all.

South was a player who called a spade a spade in the broad accents of the West Riding. After an auction in which he exaggerated the quality of his hearts, he arrived in four hearts. He ruffed West's lead of the ♠K, and without a care in the world played a trump to dummy's ace. East, recognizing that the only hope was to evoke some imaginary spade, dropped the ♠K! A rise which could have succeeded against a good player. But this South treated the play with the disdain of a tank running over a bramble bush. Not only did he play another heart, he had the gall to finesse the 10. When the trumps broke, he lost only a spade. "Don't worry about missing slam; lad," he consoled his partner, "I was better to take brass".

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The Times Jumbo Crossword

Prizes of £50 will be given for the first three correct solutions opened on Tuesday, June 7, 1983. Entries should be addressed to The Times Jumbo Crossword Competition, 12 Coley Street, London, WC9 9YT. The winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, June 11.

ACROSS
1 Quickly forestalling your announcement of Bull Run hero capturing Hood (6,3,3,4,8)
15 Material for carving a synthetic chemical flower? (9)
16 Aware of no casting difficulties (9)
17 What residents do to dry their laundry
18 One linked with unrequited love (5-6)
19 Source of writer's tip on preparing band for finger-printing (3-4)
20 Easy to draw out, a bird,

Investment and Finance

City Editor
Anthony Hilton

THE TIMES

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STOCK EXCHANGES

FT Index 712.2 up 6.0
FT 100 82.56 up 0.47
FT All Share 437.72 up 4.25
Bargains: 20,038
Tring Hall USM Index 168.9
up 0.6
Tokyo Nikkei Dow Jones
8617.92 down 8.08
Hong Kong Hang Seng Index
913.90 up 5.45
New York Dow Jones Ave-
rage (latest) 1221.07 down 2.42

CURRENCIES

LONDON CLOSE
Sterling \$1.6030 up 30pts
Index 87.0 up 0.4
DM 3.9950 up 0.450
FF 12.0850
Yen 382.00
Dollar
Index 123.5 up 0.4
DM 2.5077 up 117pts
Gold
\$437 down \$3
NEW YORK LATEST
Gold \$437
Sterling \$1.6015

INTEREST RATES

Domestic rates
Base rates 10
3 month interbank 10%
Euro-currency rates
3 month dollar 9 1/8-9 1/8
3 month DM 5 1/4-5 1/4
3 month FF 13 1/4-13 1/4
ECGD Fixed Rate Sterling
Export Finance Scheme IV
Average reference rate for
interest period April 6 to May 3,
1983 inclusive: 10.304 per cent.

PRICE CHANGES

AB Food 184p up 34p
Rotaprint 8.5p up 1.5p
I.D. & S. Rivlin 43p up 7p
Lero Focus 331p up 48p
Wilshire 7p up 1p
Trenton 226p up 32p
Thames Inv. 60p down 8p
Greenwich Cable 38p down 5p
Trust Secs. 65p down 8p
W. Rand Cons. 589p down 67p
Gramphorn £10.50 down £1.00
C Booth 21p down 2p

TODAY

Interims: Gomme Holdings, William Leech, Moran Tea Holdings, Pict Petroleum.
Finals: Hicking Pentecost, Macdonald Martin Distilleries, Nineteen Twenty-Eight Investment Trust, North British Steel Group.
Economic statistics: Balance of payments current account and overseas trade figures (April). Sales and orders in the engineering industries (February).

Woolwich issue £2m of CDs

Woolwich Building Society dipped a toe in the money market with the issue yesterday of £2m Certificates of Deposit with a coupon of 10 1/2 per cent. Nationwide was first into this new market for building societies, raising £1m earlier in the week.

"We aim to establish a reasonable presence in the market over the next few months. Money raised in the wholesale market will supplement the society's main source of funds from the personal sector and will help to maintain a consistent programme of mortgage lending," Mr Michael Tuke of the Woolwich said.

● **SALE:** Robert McBride (Middlesex), a subsidiary of British Petroleum, is buying a private, Yorkshire-based beauty products company for £2.75m. Hugo House Beauty Products, which operates from Bradford, makes up market toiletary goods. Total asset value is £995,000 and it made profits last year of £499,000.

● **DEVALUATION:** Iceland yesterday devalued its currency, the crown, for the fourth time in just over a year. The Central Bank said the crown had been devalued by an average of 14.6 per cent against a basket of currencies most important to the country's fish-dominated trade. The devaluation caught day after a new centre-right government took over following elections in April.

WALL STREET

Prices in a holiday mood

New York (Reuters) - Share prices edged lower in early trading as investors moved away from the market ahead of the money supply figures.

Prices struggled for direction in the moderate pre-holiday activity as the latest tally took a breather.

The Dow Jones industrial average was off about half a point, declined led advances by six to five and volume totalled about 11 million shares in the first 30 minutes of trading.

Analysts were looking for the market to close on a strong note since investors were expected to cover positions before the Memorial Day weekend. "The basic money supply growth was excessive, recently but most experts are predicting a moderation in the next three weeks," said Mr. Hugh Johnson, vice president of First Albany.

Honeywell was down 1 1/8 at 118 1/8. Exxon was off 1/8 at 34 3/8. General Motors was up 1/8 at 67 5/8. Eastman Kodak was off 1/4. Chicago & North Western was up 2 at 40 1/4.

£1bn tap surprises market

By Our Banking Correspondent

The Bank of England surprised the gilt market by announcing a £1bn tap issue yesterday. In a move to take advantage of the strength of the financial markets, the Bank announced a tender issue of £1bn 10% per cent Treasury convertible stock due 1987.

The minimum tender price on June 2 is £98.25 and the issue is payable £20 on tender, £50 on July 18 and the rest on August 15. The stock is convertible into 9% per cent stock 2001 with the first conversion date on February 10, 1984.

Both the gilt market and sterling have risen sharply this week as the City has become increasingly convinced that the Conservatives will win the election. Government stocks closed off their best levels yesterday, but still ended with gains of 2 1/2 to 3 1/2.

There was some surprise in the market that the Bank of England had launched a tap during the election campaign. However, it did the same during the last election campaign, announcing a tap on April 6, 1979.

Sterling managed to brush off the poor trade figures yesterday although it met some profit-taking towards the close. However, it still ended up on overnight levels on a day which also saw the dollar steaming ahead.

Sterling closed up 30 points against the dollar at \$1.6030 and up 0.4 at \$7.0 on its trade-weighted index after touching a six-month high of 87.3. Against the Deutschmark sterling closed at 4.0350 - up 4 pence.

The dollar also breached a psychological barrier against the Deutschmark closing at DM 2.5077 - 117 points.

There were reports from Washington that the US authorities were trying to dampen enthusiasm for the dollar and had intervened to stem the rise.

Ford has announced that heater and ventilation equipment fitted to its Sierra models

will be produced at Basildon, Essex, rather than being shipped from US factories. This switch involves an investment of £1.25m and increases job security for the 700 workers at the Basildon radiator plant operated by Ford.

At the Vauxhall plant production of Cavaliers is to be increased from 40 an hour to 45 in July, with progressive production increases to meet the expected demand in August.

A company spokesman said: "The additional labour is being hired to ensure a satisfactory start-up of the second shift brought in at Luton for Cavalier

production in August."

In the first four months of this year Vauxhall's market share has risen by 16.5 per cent and is now running at 32.6 per cent of the market.

The Ford Investment comes after its recent announcement that £100m has been spent on its Dagenham engine plant to enable the multi-national to supply a new generation of passenger car diesel engines to its British and European operations. With its new engine plant at Bridgend in South Wales Britain is now Ford's main European source of power units.

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A company spokesman said: "The additional labour is being hired to ensure a satisfactory start-up of the second shift brought in at Luton for Cavalier

Current account slump is worse than City feared
Britain suffers first manufacturing trade deficit as imports surgeBy Frances Williams
Economics Correspondent

Britain's balance of payments on current account plunged into the red last month. And new figures confirmed that the country became a net importer of manufactured goods earlier this year for the first time in its industrial history.

The April trade figures, which were much worse than the City was expecting, bear out fears that Britain's tentative economic recovery is sucking in ever increasing quantities of imports while exports (other than oil) have levelled off after a strong performance late last year.

The balance of payments swung from a surplus of £565m in March to a £180m deficit in April. This was entirely the result of a £744m deterioration in visible trade from a £384m surplus to a £360m deficit last month, with the

estimated £180m surplus in invisible trade (banking, shipping and so on) unable to make up the gap.

Exports fell back steeply from their record March levels of £5,291m to £4,804m in April, while the imports rose from £4,907m to a high of £5,164m.

However, Fitch has so far refused to discuss anything other than a Key Markets sale. Mr Hankins admitted that all of these things are on the cards now that the bidding for Key Markets has reopened.

While the auction continues, Mr Hankins cannot press ahead with expansion plans for Fitch Lovell around its food manufacturing businesses. A number of deals are at an advanced stage of negotiation, but cannot be taken any further until the long-term future of Fitch is guaranteed.

Fitch shareholders are due to vote on the £40.8m Luford offer at an extraordinary meeting on June 10, having previously turned down a £37.8m offer from Safeway.

If Luford does not match the Safeway offer, Fitch shareholders will be asked to attend yet another extraordinary meeting to agree the Key Markets sale to Safeway.

The bidding for Key Markets began last October with an £87m bid for the whole of Fitch by Luford.

That bid lapsed after a referral to the Monopolies Commission and Fitch subsequently announced a separate deal to sell Key Markets to Safeway for £34.8m. The stakes have been raised four times since then.

Mr John Hale, a director and senior vice-president of Alcan Aluminium, will join Pearson as managing director on September 1 when Lord Gibson retires.

Lord Blakenham is at present deputy chairman and managing director. These moves were announced at the annual meeting of S. Pearson yesterday.

The group takes in Pearson Longman, which includes The Financial Times, Westminster Press and Penguin book publishers. It also has interests in banking (Lazard), fine china (Royal Doulton), oil and engineering.

Lord Blakenham has been with the group for 22 years and has been on the board since 1971. His progress through the group includes stints with Lazard, Doulton and Pearson Longman.

He denied the introduction of an outsider indicated a lack of internal management succession. "Pearson is now in five important areas, and no one internally is going to have experience in all five. 'Any-way, most of the chief executives in these divisions are doing key jobs there. John Hale's job will be to organise the management of the divisions. My job is to lead the board and give time to longer term strategy."

Britain's toughest competitor in the Far East, the Japanese, will next week announce they are going to sell British-made consumer goods in Hongkong.

Mitsukoshi, Japan's prestige department store, is to stage a two-week promotion solely for British products.

Mitsukoshi's London buying office has been active during recent weeks, selecting goods to go on the shelves of its store in Hongkong.

Hongkong overtook Japan last year to become Britain's biggest Asian market. Sales were worth £732m against those to Japan of £681m.

But they have mostly been linked to big projects - with £500m worth of GEC turbines gradually being shipped out to the new Castle Peak power station and with Metro-Cam rail carriages still going into service on the Mass Transport Railway.

British trade commissioners in Hongkong negotiated the deal with Mitsukoshi and have other store promotions lined up.

Britain's market share is 4.5 per cent and its trade advisers are stressing that Hongkong's growing affluence, particularly among an emerging middle class demands a big export drive.

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

	Total	Oil	Non-Oil	Visible Balance	Current Balance
1981	+2870	+3112	-242	+3091	+5891
1982	+2226	+4805	-2577	+1720	+3848
1982 Q1	+234	+898	-664	+555	+589
Q2	+123	+585	-462	+800	+803
Q3	+608	+1313	-704	+238	+847
Q4	+1282	+1738	-456	+447	+709
1983 Q1	-231	+1754	-1985	+540	+308
1983 Jan	-482	+529	-1011	+180	-302
Feb	-133	+813	-746	+180	-47
Mar	+339	+322	-288	+180	+584
April	-380	+474	-854	+180	-180

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S. Pearson brings in an outsider

By Sandy McLachlan

S. Pearson & Son, originally the holding company for the Cowdrey family interests and now a public company in which the Cowdrey family still has considerable direct and indirect shareholdings, has spent a year looking for a managing director from outside the group.

It is most unusual for Pearson to bring in an outsider at such a high level, but the chairman-elect, Lord Blakenham, nephew of Lord Cowdrey, said last night:

"Lord Gibson (who became chairman from within the group) has not been a full time chairman. On the other hand, I will be a full time chairman, and I have been managing director since 1978."

Mr John Hale, a director and senior vice-president of Alcan Aluminium, will join Pearson as managing director on September 1 when Lord Gibson retires.

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BP deal to buy more Saudi crude oil

By Jonathan Davis, Energy Correspondent

British Petroleum has tied up a deal to purchase 25,000 barrels a day of Saudi Arabian crude oil, further breaking into the traditional monopoly over Saudi supplies exercised by the Arabian Oil Company (Aramco).

The deal had been signed between Petromin, the Saudi state oil company, and BP Oil International, the main trading operation inside the BP group.

It follows a similar deal last year between the Saudi and BP's German subsidiary, Deutsche BP, also involving 25,000 barrels a day.

The two moves represent the culmination of BP's ambitions to break into the market for Saudi crude, which for over 40 years have been dominated by the American oil companies in the Aramco partnership. They are Exxon, Mobil, Standard Oil of California (Socal) and Texaco.

Although the quantities involved in the deal amount to only a fraction of Saudi Arabia's total output of three to four million barrels a day, the deal is regarded by BP as an important foothold in the marketing arrangements of a country that is still the world's largest single oil exporter.

BP said that it had contracted to pay for the Saudi supplies at the official price of \$29 a barrel.

Aramco's liftings of Saudi Arabian oil have fallen steadily during the last two years, reflecting the fact that for most of the period Saudi Arabian crude oil was overpriced relative to the rest of the market.

Until the Opec's agreement in March to reduce its reference price by \$5 a barrel, the Saudi authorities insisted on maintaining the \$34 official price for their oil even though other Opec members were offering significant discounts.

This so-called Aramco disadvantage left the American companies in the partnership nursing significant losses because of the depressed product prices in Western markets, they failed to cover the cost of their expensive Saudi supplies. But the disadvantage has largely evaporated with the strengthening of prices since March.

Tricentro's shares closed higher at 226p last night amid persistent speculation of an impending takeover bid. Sir Alastair Frame, Rio Tinto Zinc's chief executive, explicitly denied that he was preparing a bid, but this did nothing to dampen City expectations of a deal which would value Tricentro at more than £200m.

Associated British Foods, which includes Sunbelt bakeries and Fine Fare supermarkets, has sold its South African interests to a local consortium for almost £200m.

The deal means that ABF no longer has a presence in South Africa. The consortium which has bought ABF's controlling stake of 52 per cent in the Premier Group, which runs all its South African businesses, is led by Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company and the Liberty Life Association of South Africa, but with Anglo American Corporation taking a smaller holding.

The deal was arranged after an approach by the consortium six weeks ago. Premier is South Africa's fourteenth largest company and ABF's disposal is the largest ever divestment by a foreign company operating in South Africa.

It has caused speculation in South Africa that foreign investors are concerned by political developments, particularly in the wake of the Pretoria car bomb explosion.

But Mr Garfield Weston, ABF's chairman, said he sold out because of the attractive state of the Johannesburg stock market and the February lifting of exchange controls which allows ABF to take the cash out of the country. There is also a very low South African tax liability.

Premier has grown fast at about 20 per cent a year because of growing demand for foods but slowed drastically last year along with the South African economy. There are some worries that further growth will be difficult without heavy capital expenditure.

The divestment will reduce ABF's earnings per share but improve the quality of earnings. ABF's shares jumped by more than 22 per cent from 150p to 184p on the news.

UK drive by Japanese in Hongkong

By John Lawless

[illegible]

MARKET REPORT by Michael Clark

Clyde sells Saxon stake

ACCOUNT DAY: Dealings began, May 23. Dealings end, June 3. Closing day, June 6. Settlement day, June 8.

Clyde Petroleum's brief flirtation with Saxon Oil has ended. Yesterday Clyde sold its remaining 10 per cent stake in Saxon amounting to 1.5 million shares at 175p.

News of the sale of the shares wiped 5p from Saxon at 180p and dashed remaining hopes that the proposed merger between the two groups might take place. Clyde had originally made an agreed bid of 122p a share, but news of a big oil find on block 16/8b in the North Sea, in which Saxon had a 50 per cent stake, put paid to that.

The Saxon board immediately urged its own shareholders to reject the terms which valued the company at £12m.

Saxon's financial advisers wrote to shareholders, telling them the company was investigating ways of raising cash for further appraisal drilling on the field, but ruled out further cash calls.

Clyde still holds an option to buy a further 10 per cent of the company at 100p a share. However, it must be more than pleased with its original stake for which it only paid 59p a share. This leaves it with a paper profit of £1.74m from the

deal. Last night shares of Clyde, also quoted on the USM, rose 7p to 93p - 4p short of the year's high.

The rest of the equity market continued to scale new heights as the prospects of a landslide victory for the Conservatives in the General Election continued to grow. The FT Index closed at a record 7122, up 60.

But gilts had the ground cut from under them after the Bank of England announced the issue by tender of £1,000m of 10½ per cent Treasury Convertible Stock 1987 at 98½, £20 partly paid. The rest will be payable between July and August.

In the event, early gains of up to 1½, barely exceeded 1p by the close as dealers reported profit taking. The worse than expected trade figures, showing imports exceeding exports during April caused an initial hiccup, but were then pushed into the background.

On the foreign exchanges the pound rose a further 0.3 cents to

close at \$1.6030 - its highest level this year.

Blue chips again found selective support, with Bower standing out with a 6p rise to

Thursday's better than expected profits from Plessey have provided a shot in the arm for the rest of the electrical sector.

Yesterday's news of an upgrading of profits from Plessey to 238p after a year of cost-cutting, while Scrimgeour Kemp Gee are reckoned to have updated their profit forecast for Plessey to £180 million against £146.3m. Plessey ended the day 3p higher at 692p.

198p on renewed bid speculation. But Lord Errol, chairman, told shareholders at the annual meeting that no bidder was in sight for Bower, which was well aware of its potential vulnerability to a bid. No single

shareholder owned more than 5 per cent of the group, he added.

At this level the group is valued at £318m.

Shares of Allied-Lyons, the brewing to food manufacturing group, rose 5p to 151p - just short of the year's high - ahead of next Wednesday's full year figures. Analysts are looking for a profit of £160m against £141.2m last time. The J. Lyons & Co. group is performing well, particularly in the United States. Other strong performers included Becham 14p to 410p and Imperial Group 3p to 116p.

Also awaiting figures next week, Dunlop Holdings, rose 4p to 71p, having been one of the most actively-traded stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. An estimated 10 million shares have been bought by US investors over the past week on hopes of an eventual bid for the group.

In stores Habitat Mothercare continued its strong run 14p up

at 230p ahead of figures. The shares have now risen 30p in two days.

Hopes of a bid continued to boost shares of Tricentrol, the oil exploration group, with the price closing 6p higher at 226p, despite firm denials from Rio Tinto-Zinc, the mining finance house group, named as a possible bidder.

Guinness Food spurred 5p to 57p after learning that Compagnie de l'Occident pour la Finance et l'Industrie had bought a further 500,000, taking its entire stake to 11 million or 8.25 per cent of the equity.

Brookhouse also rose 1½p to 37p as Mr Swar Paul's Caparo Investments bought an extra 200,000 shares. It now owns 2.25 million, or 13.28 per cent of the equity.

Microfones which recently joined the USM by way of a tender, encountered renewed support climbing 2p to 330p. This compared with the minimum tender price of 155p. Observers had been worried that the poor profits record, lack of profits forecast and no dividend for the foreseeable future would have deterred investors. The shares have now risen 48p on the week.

RECENT ISSUES

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
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BRITISH FUNDS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
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MIDLANDS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
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LONGS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
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COMMONWEALTH AND FOREIGN

Company	Price	Change	Yield
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LOCAL AUTHORITIES

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Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
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Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33

DOLLAR STOCKS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33

BANKS AND DISCOUNTS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33

BREWERS AND DISTILLERS

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL

Company	Price	Change	Yield
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33
Admiral Leisure (Up 10p)	120	+10	8.33

Sterling: Spot and Forward

Market rates	Forward rates
New York 1.6030	1.6030
London 1.6030	1.6030
Paris 1.6030	1.6030
Frankfurt 1.6030	1.6030
Madrid 1.6030	1.6030
Rome 1.6030	1.6030
Bombay 1.6030	1.6030
Calcutta 1.6030	1.6030
Colombo 1.6030	1.6030
Ceylon 1.6030	1.6030
Delhi 1.6030	1.6030
Hyderabad 1.6030	1.6030
Kolkata 1.6030	1.6030
Madras 1.6030	1.6030
Mumbai 1.6030	1.6030
Panaji 1.6030	1.6030
Port Blair 1.6030	1.6030
Shillong 1.6030	1.6030
Tirunelveli 1.6030	1.6030
Varanasi 1.6030	1.6030
Visakhapatnam 1.6030	1.6030
Yamunotsar 1.6030	1.6030

Money Market Rates

Clearing Bank Rate 10%	Discount Rate 10%
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00
10.00	10.00

Other Markets

Market rates	Forward rates
New York 1.6030	1.6030
London 1.6030	1.6030
Paris 1.6030	1.6030
Frankfurt 1.6030	1.6030
Madrid 1.6030	1.6030
Rome 1.6030	1.6030
Bombay 1.6030	1.6030
Calcutta 1.6030	1.6030
Colombo 1.6030	1.6030
Ceylon 1.6030	1.6030
Delhi 1.6030	1.6030
Hyderabad 1.6030	1.6030
Kolkata 1.6030	1.6030
Madras 1.6030	1.6030
Mumbai 1.6030	1.6030
Panaji 1.6030	1.6030
Port Blair 1.6030	1.6030
Shillong 1.6030	1.6030
Tirunelveli 1.6030	1.6030
Varanasi 1.6030	1.6030
Visakhapatnam 1.6030	1.6030
Yamunotsar 1.6030	1.6030

Dollar Spot Rates

Market rates	Forward rates
New York 1.6030	1.6030
London 1.6030	1.6030
Paris 1.6030	1.6030
Frankfurt 1.6030	1.6030
Madrid 1.6030	1.6030
Rome 1.6030	1.6030
Bombay 1.6030	1.6030
Calcutta 1.6030	1.6030
Colombo 1.6030	1.6030
Ceylon 1.6030	1.6030
Delhi 1.6030	1.6030
Hyderabad 1.6030	1.6030
Kolkata 1.6030	1.6030
Madras 1.6030	1.6030
Mumbai 1.6030	1.6030
Panaji 1.6030	1.6030
Port Blair 1.6030	1.6030
Shillong 1.6030	1.6030
Tirunelveli 1.6030	1.6030
Varanasi 1.6030	1.6030
Visakhapatnam 1.6030	1.6030
Yamunotsar 1.6030	1.6030

Euro-£ Deposits

Market rates	Forward rates
New York 1.6030	1.6030
London 1.6030	1.6030
Paris 1.6030	1.6030
Frankfurt 1.6030	1.6030
Madrid 1.6030	1.6030
Rome 1.6030	1.6030
Bombay 1.6030	1.6030
Calcutta 1.6030	1.6030
Colombo 1.6030	1.6030
Ceylon 1.6030	1.6030
Delhi 1.6030	1.6030
Hyderabad 1.6030	1.6030
Kolkata 1.6030	1.6030
Madras 1.6030	1.6030
Mumbai 1.6030	1.6030
Panaji 1.6030	1.6030
Port Blair 1.6030	1.6030
Shillong 1.6030	1.6030
Tirunelveli 1.6030	1.6030
Varanasi 1.6030	1.6030
Visakhapatnam 1.6030	1.6030
Yamunotsar 1.6030	1.6030

Gold

Market rates	Forward rates
New York 1.6030	1.6030
London 1.6030	1.6030
Paris 1.6030	1.6030
Frankfurt 1.6030	1.6030
Madrid 1.6030	1.6030
Rome 1.6030	1.6030
Bombay 1.6030	1.6030
Calcutta 1.6030	1.6030
Colombo 1.6030	1.6030
Ceylon 1.6030	1.6030
Delhi 1.6030	1.6030
Hyderabad 1.6030	1.6030
Kolkata 1.6030	1.6030
Madras 1.6030	1.6030
Mumbai 1.6030	1.6030
Panaji 1.6030	1.6030
Port Blair 1.6030	1.6030
Shillong 1.6030	1.6030
Tirunelveli 1.6030	1.6030
Varanasi 1.6030	1.6030
Visakhapatnam 1.6030	1.6030
Yamunotsar 1.6030	1.6030

THE TIMES 1000

1982/1983

The World's Top Companies

The top 1000 UK companies

The top 1000 UK companies

The top 1000 UK companies

The top 1000 UK companies

The top 1000 UK companies

The top

Wilander labours onward under a kidnap threat

Tanvier, the French number one who celebrates her eighteenth birthday today, with a match against the 1977 champion, Mima Jausovec. The blonde Miss Tanvier is a fine athlete whose tennis has acquired patience and discipline since she became less of a girl and more of a woman.

The oddest match in the women's event yesterday was that in which the fifteenth seed, Claudia Kohde, lost a set in which she led 5-0 and

ROWING

Thriller on the river today

By Jim Rallton

I Oxford
 Kelms
 Christ Church
 New College
 Magdalen
 St Edmund Hall
 Worcester
 Lincoln
 Pembroke
 Balliol
 Exeter
 Wadham
II University
 Merton
 St John's
 Trinity
 Oriel
 Queen's
 Corpus Christi
 Cleeve House
 Brasenose
 St Catherine's
 St John's

Jackson II
 Kable IV
 Trinity II
 University III
 Marion II
 Easter III
 Pennington III
 Oriel IV
 Christ Church IV
 VI Lincoln II
 University IV
 LASH
 St Peter's III
 Leura
 CRANE Christ II

Walton II	
Walton II	
Bethel V	
St Anna's II	
Orist V	
LJMI II	
VIII Hartford III	
Regent's Park	
New College IV	
Corpus Christi III	
University V	
Magdalen III	

The oddest match in the women's event yesterday was that in which the fifteenth seed, Claudia Kohde, lost a set in which she led 5-0 and had four set points. The German was beaten by Kathleen Horvath, an American with a German mother. This contest between teenagers contrasted sharply with the ripe experience on court when Chris Lloyd beat Evonne Cawley. These

THIRD ROUND: A Hobbs (GB) beat A Holtor (USA), 6-2, 6-2; H Mancuso (Chi) beat A White (USA), 6-2, 6-2; C Lloyd (USA) beat E Canney (USA), 6-2, 6-2; T Horvath (USA) beat C Kohlen (WGI), 6-4, 7-5; A Jagger (USA) beat B Mould (USA), 6-0, 3-6, 6-2; G Rush (USA) beat W Malekova (Bul), 3-6, 6-2, 6-2; I Matczuga (Ossz) (Arg) beat L Boncor (USA), 6-3, 6-4; A Temesvári (Hung) beat Y Bazargova (Cz), 6-0, 6-3; H Sukova (Cz) beat N Herremann (Frl), 6-4, 6-2.

The following third round result was received too late for inclusion in yesterday's early edition: K Jordan (USA) beat P Smith (USA), 5-2, 6-3.

Thriller on the river today

By Jim Railton

Magdalen lost their chance to become head crew today for the first time in 29 years when they failed by a narrow margin.

At the finish Christ Church apparently overlapped Oriel but were too far abreast to attempt a bump with Magdalen half a length down on Christ Church. So a thrilling climax is in store for the final race.

	Pembroke	
	Belkirk	
	Essex	
	Wichham	
I	University	
	Merton	
	St John's	
	Trinity	
	Trinity II	
	Queen's	
	Corpus Christi	
	Oster House	
	Bromsgrove	
	St Catherine's	
	Keeble II	
	Harford	
II	Christ Church II	
	Jesus	
	St Peter's	

	Worcester II	
	Lincoln II	
	Oriel III	
IV	Batford II	
	Wadhwa II	
	Exeter II	
	Christ Church III	
	New College II	
	St John's II	
	Queen's II	
	Magdalen II	
	Bromsgrove II	
	Hertford II	
	Kable III	
	Batford III	
V	St Peter's II	
	St Catherine's II	
	St Edmund Hall III	
	Jesus II	

	Peachtree III	
	Crest IV	
	Christ Church IV	
VI	Lincoln III	
	University IV	
	Liberty	
	St Peter's III	
	Lynwood	
	Corpus Christi II	
	Worcester III	
	Queen's III	
	Color House II	
	St Edmund Hall IV	
	Lincoln IV	
	St John's III	
VII	St Anne's	
	Exeter IV	
	St Catherine's III	
	Jesus III	
	New College III	

VIII
 Hartford III
 Regent's Park
 New College IV
 Corpus Christi II
 University V
 Magdalen III
 Trinity III
 Pembroke IV
 Christ VI
 Trinity IV
 Mansfield II
 Trinity V
 IX
 Worcester IV
 Lincoln V
 University VI
 Hartford IV
 St Benet's Hall
 Jesus IV

St Catherine's IV.....	
Wames.....	
I St Hugh's.....	
St Davids.....	
James.....	
LMH.....	
St Catherine's.....	
St Hilary's.....	
Oaker House.....	
Watson.....	
Watson.....	
Worcester.....	
Lincoln.....	
St Hugh's II.....	
St Andrew's.....	
Herford.....	
Branston.....	
Kable.....	
Corpus Christi.....	

	Lincoln	
	Exeter	
III	Bathol	
	Trinity	
	Martha	
	St Hugh's III	
	Worcester II	
	St John's	
	LBN III	
	Lincoln II	
	St Hilda's II	
	Magdalen	
	St Edmund Hall	
	Jesus II	
IV	Mansfield	
	University II	
	St Paul's II	
	St Paul's II	
	St Paul's II	

Kable R.	
Sir Hudson W.	
Worham H.	

Saturday

Television and radio programmes

Edited by Peter Davalle

Sunday

BBC 1

6.25 Open University (until 8.30): 8.55 *Cutty on Duty*: old Leon Errol comedy; 9.15 *Get Set* with Ultravox; and the result of Radio One's Great Rock and Roll Trivia contest.

11.00 Grandstand: International Golf (Sun Alliance PGA) at 11.00, 1.30, 2.10 and 3.10; News at 1.00; International Rugby Union (Wellington v The Lions) at 1.05; Racing from Haydock at 1.50, 2.20, and 2.50 (Coral Final Handicap); International Athletics (HFC Trust Games, from Meadowbank) at 2.40 and 3.10. Includes the final of the 5,000m and the Men's and Women's 100m, plus further coverage of the Sun Alliance championship, and the Athletics.

3.10 International Show Jumping (Everest Double Glazing Trophy) from Hickstead; 5.00 Final Score.

5.10 *Mickey and Donald*: cartoon show; 5.35 News with Jan Leeming; 5.45 Sports roundup.

5.50 *The Keith Harris Show*: The guests are Gloria Gaynor, the Irish comedian Jimmy Cricket, David Thomas, and the comedienne Rosalind Wiseman.

6.25 *Pop Quiz*: Roy Wood and Paul Jones captain the teams consisting of Clive Grogan, Les Ochoa, Brian Robertson and Edwin Collins.

6.55 *Film: When Eagles Dared* (1958) Second World War adventure spectacle with a high mortality rate. About an Allied mission to rescue a senior US officer being held by the Nazis. With Clint Eastwood, Richard Burton, Mary Ure. Director: Brian G. Hutton.

9.30 *The Val Doonican Music Show*: The singer's guests are Harry Secombe, Rita Coolidge and Ronnie Milne. Sir Harry sings some of the songs requested by British troops in the Falklands when he visited them earlier this year. Families of some of the serving men and women will be in the studio, watching the show.

10.15 News and sports roundup.

10.35 *Fanny by Gaslight*: Final part of this Victorian melodrama, with Cherie Currie as Fanny and Michael Culver as the dastardly Manderses.

11.30 International Football: The best of the action from the Northern Ireland v England clash and the Wales v Scotland match, both of which took place today.

12.30 International Golf: Highlights from the second round in the Sun Alliance PGA Championship, played today at Royal St George's Golf Club, Canterbury. Commentators: Harry Carpenter, Peter Alliss, Clive Clark, Bruce Cargill, and Alex Hay.

1.10 Weather forecast for Sunday.

tv-am

6.25 Good Morning Britain, with the two Parkinsons. Includes news at 6.25, 7.00, 8.00 and 8.30; Sport at 7.00 and 7.15; Michael Parkinson's interview at 8.07; Aerobics at 8.32. And, at 8.45, *Data Run* - the programme for youngsters. With David Essex as guest celebrity, and the Breakfast Bunch. Ends at 9.25.

ITV/LONDON

9.25 LWT information: What to watch, where to go, 9.30 *What to Watch*; 10.30 *What to Watch*; Entertainment for youngsters in an imaginary house.

12.15 World of Sport: The line-up for 12.20 Ice Hockey (Stanley Cup Final); 12.40 On the Ball (Northern Ireland v England); 1.00 Basketball (NBA Finals); 1.15 News; 1.20 The ITV Six: From Doncaster, the 1.30, 2.00, 2.30 and from Ayr, the 1.45, 2.15 and 2.45.

2.55 *Boxing: Hagler v Scapino*, for the world middleweight title; 3.25 *Gymnastics* (European Men's Championships); 3.45 *Wrestling*: three bouts from Bradford; 4.40 *Gymnastics* (More from Varna, Bulgaria); 4.55 Results; 5.05 News.

5.15 *The Stunters*: 5.30 *The Fall Guy*: An old stuntman is framed for the murder of a local farmer. It proves to be the work of a corrupt sheriff and the local baron.

6.30 *Russ Abbott's Madhouse*: with Basil Donkin, Gold Toes, Neil, Vera and Mavis, Sid and Spiv and Ringo etc. etc.

7.00 Football: Northern Ireland v England and Wales v Scotland (it's a live transmission from Belfast, with recorded highlights from the game in Wales). Joining match commentator Martin Tyler in Belfast is Manchester United's manager Ron Atkinson. Trevor Brooking and Ian St John will be in the studio, summing things up.

9.30 *Tales of the Unexpected*: The Vespene Blade. A duellist (Peter Cushing) looks back. With Anthony Higgins and John Bailey. 10.00 News.

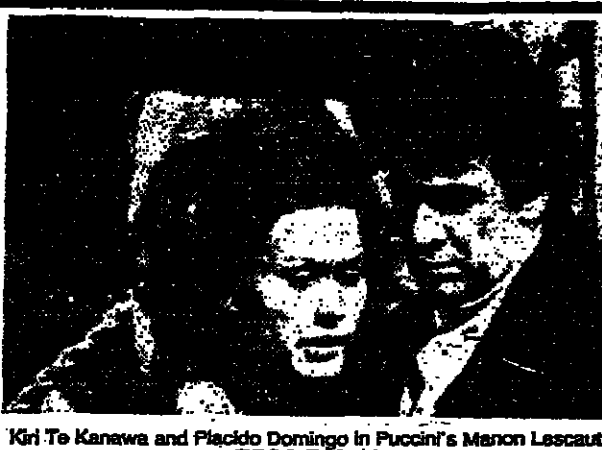
10.15 *Blindfold*: Richard H. Francis's drama about two women bingo-players stars Gwen Taylor and Angela Crow, and co-stars Benjamin Whitrow, Sandra Gough and Johnathon Morris.

11.15 London news headlines. Followed by *Darts*: John Lowe versus Jocky Wilson (World Professional champion).

11.45 *Shot Pool*: Semi-final of the John Bull Bitter Championship. 'Maltese Joe' Barbara plays Charlie Nolan for a place in the final; 12.45 Close with Brian Blessed.

1.10 News and sports roundup.

1.10 News and sports roundup.

Kiri Te Kanawa and Plácido Domingo in Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* (BBC 2, 7.30pm)

BBC 2

6.25 Open University (until 8.10)

3.10 *Film: The Adventures of Robt Hood* (1938). One of the best swashbuckling movies ever made, with Errol Flynn (never better) as the legendary righter of wrongs, Olivia de Havilland as his lady love, and Basil Rathbone as evil personified. Director: Michael Curtiz.

4.50 International Golf: Live coverage of the Sun Alliance PGA, from Royal St George's (more at 12.30pm, on BBC 1).

6.15 *States of Mind*: Jonathan Miller talks to Dr Hanna Segal, the psychoanalyst, who worked closely with Melanie Klein who was convinced of the importance of what we experience in the first year of life.

7.05 News and sports roundup.

7.20 Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*: The opera, with Kiri Te Kanawa and Plácido Domingo as the title roles, and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in the title role, and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in the title role.

9.30 *Thank God It's Sunday*: Sir John Betjeman on how London spends the Sabbath day.

9.50 *Manon Lescaut*: Acts 3 and 4. Everard - the first actress: The stirring events of 1922 and 1933, recorded on film. Tomorrow night: the conquest.

11.05 *Newsnight*: Campaign 83. Election roundup.

11.35 *Film International*: Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971). Robert Bresson's film of Dostoevsky's *White Nights*, set in present-day Paris, stars Isabelle Weingarten and Guillaume de Forêt. Ends at 1.00am.

CHANNEL 4

2.20 *Power Play*: The studio council debates the issue of school closures.

2.45 *Film: Pygmalion* (1938). Respected film version of Shaw's play about the phonetic professor and the cockney flower girl. Co-starring Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, with Wilfrid Lawson (superb) as Dr. Higgins. Directors: Anthony Asquith and Howard Hensley.

4.35 *On Your Mark*: Includes a film on commuting by bicycle and on the recent veterans' rally in the Midlands.

5.05 *Brookside*: two repeated episodes (r).

6.00 *Square Pegs*: American high school comedy. A love-detecting device goes haywire.

6.30 *7 Days*: Ethical issues discussed. With Michael Charlton, Helena Hayman.

7.00 *A Week in Politics*: A report on the Alliance including a David Owen interview and a viewers' poll on the Alliance's image. 7.45 *Channel Four News*.

8.00 *Cricket in India*: An exploration of a sporting phenomenon, by Yash Abbas. It is a film about players, spectators - and the country itself.

9.00 *The Confessions of Felix Krull*: Confidence Man. Episode one: An Austrian-German film version of Thomas Mann's satirical novel about the bourgeois life before the First World War. John Moulder-Brown has the title role (Oliver Wiggins plays Felix as a young lad). Dubbed into English. (Choice, page 7.)

10.00 *Bouquet of Barbud*: Final episode of Andrea Newman's serial, the second begins next Saturday night. What happens after the death of Prue (Susan Penhaligon). With Frank Finlay and Deborah Grant (r).

11.00 *Waked City*: Peter Falk is engaged by a restaurateur to protect him and his wife from an extortion ring. Ends at 11.55pm.

BBC 1

6.25 Open University (until 8.55am); 9.00 *Pigeon Street* for the kiddies (r); 9.15 *Trinity Sunday Morning Service* from St Mary's RC Church, Lowe House, St Helens; 10.00 *Asian Magazine*: Visit to a Pakistan community centre in Nottingham; 10.30 *Micros in the Classroom*; another Bob Salkeld report (r); 10.50 *Multi-Cultural Education*: fodder for teachers (r).

11.20 *T&A-Montage*: women entertainers (r); 11.45 *Weekend World*: the sewing and fitting trousers (r); 12.10 *The Skills of Lip-Reading*: deafness in marriage (r); 12.35 *The Unemployment Industry*: a Warwickshire course; 1.00 *Farmings*; 1.25 *The Past*: Adonis: Historic ships and maritime museums (r); 1.50 News.

1.55 *Film: Road to Rio* (1947) Hope, Crosby and Lamour with gags, songs and a lady in distress; 3.30 *Cartoon*.

3.35 *Simon Segal Clips* from the comedy film written by Neil Simon (*The Odd Couple* etc).

4.00 *Bank Holiday Fair*: Fun at Hampton Court Fair. In London; 4.30 *Holiday Air*: A visit to the Accorn International Air Fair at Biggin Hill. Introduced by Raymond Baxter.

5.15 *The Conquest of Everest*: Tom Sturgeon's and George Lowe's film about the history-making triumph of May 29, 1953. Tomorrow, at 6.40 on BBC 2, you can see Everest - the last Unclimbed Ridge. 6.50 News.

6.40 *Yours Songs of Praise*: Choice hymns with requested hymns.

7.15 *Film: Tarka the Otter* (1978) Screen version of the Henry Williamson book. Peter Ustinov provides the narration.

8.45 *Elizabeth* - The First Thirty Years. Documentary (written by Ludovic Kennedy, who also narrates) about the three decades of our Queen, with contributions from her former P.M.s and other VIPs. Includes footage never screened before; 9.55 News.

10.10 *Everyman: God's Work*: Very detailed examination of the activities of the secretive right-wing Catholic organization called Opus Dei. It has been accused of splitting families and of engaging in suspect financial and political dealings. Father Philip Sherrington, the UK director, is interviewed.

10.50 *Film: Cabaret* (1972) Romantic drama, with fine songs, based on Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, co-starring Liz Minelli (as Sally Bowles) and Michael York (as the Engländer who falls in love with her in the Berlin of the 1930s. Co-starring Joel Gray (as the MC) and Mariel Berenson. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse. Ends at 12.50am.

TV-am

7.15 Rub-a-Dub-Tub: for the young viewer. With stories and cartoons; 8.15 *Good Morning Britain* with Michael Parkinson. Includes news at 8.15, 8.30, 9.00; Sport at 8.15; The Sunday papers, at 8.25; political gossip at 8.35; Books feature at 8.40; Discussion of the week at 8.45 and at 9.05. Closedown at 9.25.

ITV/LONDON

9.25 LWT information: What to watch, where to go; 9.30 *What to Watch*; 10.30 *What to Watch*; Entertainment for youngsters in an imaginary house.

12.00 *Weekend World*: Brian Walden interviews Michael Foot.

1.00 *University Challenge*: general knowledge quiz; 1.30 *The London Programme*. An election special focusing on two constituencies. We'll see and hear from the candidates, the voters, and the changing nature of the national political landscape. 2.00 *Police 5*: with Shaw Taylor.

2.15 *London news headlines*. Followed by *Film: True as a Turtle* (1956) British comedy about two honeymooners, their friends, and a smuggling ring. With John Gregson, John Thurmston, Keith Michell and Ely Hale. Co-starring Cecil Parker.

4.00 *The Fugitive*: Kimble (David Jansen) and his fishing partner are forced to run a union gauntlet.

5.00 *The Royal Family*: Royal clothes and fashions. With Ian Thomas, one of the Queen's dressmakers (r).

5.30 *Andy Robson*: Drama series. What has happened to Andy's uncle.

6.00 *Credo*: The childless couples who turn to artificial insemination. 6.30 News.

6.40 *Sing to the Lord*: Music from Wales.

7.15 *Megnum*: Thrills with duelling helicopters.

8.15 *We'll Meet Again*: Re-run of the songs from the last war. With Susanah York, Michael J. Shannon (r); 9.45 News.

10.00 *Afrisco*: New comedy actors on parade.

10.30 *The South Bank Show*: Jiri Kytler's work as a choreographer for the Netherlands Dance Theater. We see him rehearsing the Royal Ballet School in his new work, *Symphony in D*, then see the whole work performed by the Netherlands Dance Theater. (Choice, page 7.)

11.30 *London news*. Followed by *Portrait of a Singer*: A portrait of the singer and composer, introduced by Bob Carr. With Brian Blessed.



Victoria Wood (left) and Julie Walters: Wood and Walters (Channel 4, 8.45pm)

BBC 2

6.25 Open University (until 1.55).

1.55 *Sunday Grandstand*: The line-up: International Golf (Sun Alliance PGA Championship) at 2.00; International Athletics (the HFC Trust Games) at 2.25 (includes the UK Closed Championship); International Show Jumping (Everest Double Glazing Trophy) at 2.45. These times refer to the first transmission of each sporting event only. There will be others during the afternoon.

6.50 *News Review*: with Jan Leeming and sub-titles.

7.15 *A Matter for Jolt*: Decision: A Brass Tacks report, from American air bases in Britain, about the imminent stationing of Cruise missiles on British soil, and about the responsibility for launching them, if and when, the time comes.

8.20 *The Shock of the New*: Contemporary art series, with Robert Hughes. Tonight: Picasso, as depicted by the Impressionists, the cubists, and others in between (r).

9.20 *100 Greatest Sporting Moments*: A chance to relive the thrills of the 1978 Cup Final (Manchester United v Arsenal).

9.30 *Stuart Burrows Sings*: The tenor's guest is the soprano Teresa Cahill, with John Constable at the piano.

10.10 *To Serve Them All My Days*: Episode 8 of the R.F. Delderfield school story. Tonight, the new headmaster school, the school begins to see some changes taking place. With John Duttine, Frank Middlemass and Alan MacNaughton (r).

11.05 *Newsnight*: Campaign 83. The past seven days of general election activity come under the microscope.

11.35 *International Golf*: The Sun Alliance PGA Championship highlights. From Royal St George's Golf Club.

12.15 *International Show Jumping*: Highlights from today's Nations Cup at Hickstead. Nine countries took part. Introduced by David Vine. Ends at 1.00am.

CHANNEL 4

1.35 *Irish Angle*: Views from north and south of the border.

2.25 *Film: Perfect Understanding* (1935) A romantic comedy about a very unusual Anglo-American marriage. Co-starring Gloria Swanson and a very young Laurence Olivier.

3.55 *Right to Reply*: Channel 4 viewers air their feelings.

4.25 *Master Bridge*: Sixth round of the tournament involving eight players including Omar Sharif and Rina Maruyama; 4.55 News.

5.00 *Old Country*: Jack Hargreaves's rural reminiscences down in Hardy country (r).

5.30 *Face the Press*: with Anthony Howard. From Washington. Robert Macnamara, former World Bank president, on the responsibility for launching them, if and when, the time comes.

6.00 *Look Forward*: Channel 4 preview.

6.15 *Brazilian Football Cup Final*: First of three programmes. Martin Taylor reports.

7.10 *Music in These Seventeen Years*: In this history of music series, fronted by James Galway, tonight the years of Haydn. With the Melos Quartet, Beaux Arts Trio, and others.

8.15 *Tell the Truth*: Spoken-word drama, written by Christopher Biggins. James Whitaker, Rosalind Hower, and Pam Armstrong. In the chair: Graham Gardner.

8.45 *Wood and Walters*: Songs and comedy sketches, written and performed by Victoria Wood and Julie Walters. The guest is John Dowle (r).

9.15 *Brideshead Revisited*: Episode 7. Charles (Jeremy Irons) goes to Foz, where he finds Sebastian (Anthony Andrews) and, of course, Julia (Claire Bloom) (r).

10.20 *The Channel Four Debate*: Are nuclear arms immoral? Do they have any military value? Peter Jay chairs a discussion involving Mr Bruce Kent, Professor Sir John Hackett, Julia Brogan and a audience.

11.45 *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*: Poised. Two American rubber planters (James Donald, Wendell Corey) and a deadly snake. Ends at 12.10.

FREQUENCIES: Radio 1 MF 105.3kHz/285m or 108.9kHz/275m. Radio 2 MF 693kHz/433m or 908kHz/330m. Radio 3 VHF 90.925MHz. MF 1215kHz/247m. Radio 4 LF 200kHz/1500m and VHF 92.55MHz. Greater London Area MF 720kHz/417m. LBC MF 1152kHz/287m. VHF 97.3MHz. Capital MF 1548kHz/194m. VHF 95.8MHz. BBC Radio London MF 1458kHz/200m and VHF 94.9MHz. World Service MF 648kHz/463m.

Radio 4

6.25 Shipping Forecast.
6.30 News.
6.35 Farming Today.
6.50 In Perspective.
6.55 Weather; Travel.
7.00 News.
7.10 Today's Papers.
7.15 On Your Feet.
7.45 In Perspective. Religious affairs.
7.50 It's a Bargain.
7.55 Weather; Travel.
8.00 News.
8.10 Today's Papers.
8.15 Sport on 4.
8.48 Breakaway. Paris in the Spotlight. 8.57 Weather; Travel, 9.00 News.
9.30 News. Review of weekly magazines.
10.05 Campaign Forum.
10.30 Daily Service.
10.45 Pick of the Week.
11.25 From our own Correspondent.
12.00 News.
12.02 Money Box.
12.27 The News Quiz. With Alan Coren, Valerie Groves, Hunter Davies and Martin Watmore. The chairman: Simon Hoggart. 1.10 News.
1.15 Any Callations? With Edward Cern, Helen Liddell and Colin Bell. The programme comes from Paisley in Renfrewshire. (r)
1.55 Shipping.
2.00 News.
2.05 Thirty-minute Theatre: 'Supersaver' - a comedy by Peter Glavin.
2.35 Not only down the garden pit. Last of three conversations with Beverly Nichols.
3.05 Wildlife.
3.30 Groundswell. Environmental issues.
4.00 News.
4.02 International Assignment.
4.30 Does He Take Sugar? Magazine for the disabled.

Radio 1

6.25 Shipping Forecast.
6.30 News.
6.35 Farming Today.
6.50 In Perspective.
6.55 Weather; Travel.
7.00 News.
7.10 Today's Papers.
7.15 On Your Feet.
7.45 In Perspective. Religious affairs.
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6.30 News.
6.35 Farming Today.
6.50 In Perspective.
6.55 Weather; Travel.
7.00 News.
7.10 Today's Papers.
7.15 On Your Feet.
7.45 In Perspective. Religious affairs.
7.50 It's a Bargain.
7.55 Weather; Travel.
8.00 News.
8.10 Today's Papers.
8.15 Sport on 4.
8.48 Breakaway. Paris in the Spotlight. 8.57 Weather; Travel, 9.00 News.
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6.25 Shipping Forecast.
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7.00 News.
7.10 Today's Papers.
7.15 On Your Feet.
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